

# The Ten Prophet

SUMMER 1926  
NUMBER 1926



# The Pen Prophet



"The Pen Corner"

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.		
"The Pen Corner," Kingsway	- - -	London, W.C.
6 Rue Monsigny	- - -	- Paris.
14 Rue du Pont Neuf	- - -	- Brussels.
Via Bossi 4	- - -	- Milan.
37 Bahnhofstrasse	- - -	- Zurich.
Balmes 75	- - -	- Barcelona.
105 Clarence Street	- - -	Sydney, N.S.W.
Little Collin Street	- - -	- Melbourne.
168 Edward Street	- - -	- Brisbane.
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19 Bedford Row	- - -	Christchurch, N.Z.
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L. E. WATERMAN CO.		
"The Pen Corner," 191 Broadway	- - -	New York.
PEN FACTORY.		
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179 St. James' Street	- - -	Montreal.
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WHILE it is well to look forward, let us also spare a moment for a backward glance. I think it is often in the achievements of the past that we get the most hope and encouragement for the future.

Forty years ago who would have dared to prophesy that Waterman's Pens made then, would still be in daily use in 1926? Certainly not the Inventor though, as we know, he had the greatest confidence in his pen and thought—and rightly—that it was the very best of its kind and for its purpose.

But to-day, with 40 years' experience of what the pen will do behind us, we can confidently claim that the Waterman's Ideal will last a lifetime. We can go further and claim that, given the co-operation of the Retailer, every purchaser will be satisfied. That is a bold claim to make for any article and especially for an article so liable to misuse as a fountain pen. But I know how the Waterman's Pen is made, I know that to-day it is made from even better materials and with even greater care than ever before and therefore, from the experience of the past, I am sure that the Waterman's Pens made to-day will more than equal the record of their predecessors.

Out of the experience of the past we gather more than hope and encouragement for the future, we learn the very useful lesson that we who distribute the pen to the public must be for ever increasing our own service.

Whatever part we take in the transaction, let us keep the purchaser's interests always in view. Let us not be satisfied merely to pass on a good article; let us make sure that the article will be used to the utmost advantage.

For instance, purchasers as a rule are too easily satisfied with a nib. We must urge a little more patience in choosing. Fitting a hand with a nib is like fitting glasses to the eyes—a shade of difference makes all the difference.

The filling operation should be demonstrated to every customer, despite the clearness of the printed directions. Many pens are only half filled because this simplest of operations is carelessly done. Above all we must warn every user not to tamper with the pen. It has been made by experts and assembled by experts and any interference by unskilled hands invariably results in trouble. It is because of this tendency to take the pen apart that we issued our Service Leaflet. I hope you are making good use of it.



## Service.

By the Editor.

**I**T may well be that an article is so good that it cannot be improved and yet fail to give the 100% satisfaction which its perfection leads one to expect. The fault is not in the article but in the Service behind the article.

Service is a comprehensive term. It may mean the employment of hundreds or even thousands of people carrying out a carefully considered policy; or it may mean the unconsidered and apparently trivial action of an individual. Service is made up of big things and little things; it is the beginning and end of business life. When we fail to give service, we begin to decline.

No one, not the least among us, can escape this responsibility of service. We must all contribute our quota. The joy of business life is in the service we give over and above that quota. That extra contribution is also often the secret of business success.

We have in Waterman's Ideal a pen which is the very best in the world, a faultless article. But there are writers using it who are not getting the 100% satisfaction to which they are entitled. Whose fault is it? Is it ours? Is it yours? Is it the owners? One thing is certain, the fault is not in the pen.

Now, if the fault is with the owner, nine times out of ten it is because of ignorance—and for that the responsibility is ours or yours. We have failed in service. We have not backed up the perfection of the pen with a similar perfection in salesmanship.

What have we done that is wrong? What have we not done that is necessary?

The question is a difficult one to answer; probably it never will be answered. There is so much that each one can do, that it is well nigh impossible to tabulate the items. But we can, in a general way, cover the ground.

First of all, what is done to educate the public to the right use of the Waterman's Pen?

To begin with there are the direction slips, enclosed in every box. No one reading them should have the slightest difficulty in filling, cleaning and generally caring for his pen. But the trouble is that not every

purchaser reads them. We must also remember that simple and sufficient as the directions may be to us, and will be to the great majority of purchasers, to others they may be Greek.

So, you see, the direction slips are not enough; they must be supplemented by us and—please,—by you.

Our Service Leaflet, issued a few weeks ago, is not an advertisement of the pen but an advertisement of service. This leaflet was written because it had become obvious (1) that a good many people did not realise that there is a service organisation behind our pen, and (2) that a good many people tamper with the pen, to its detriment.

The leaflet intimates that it is reasonable to expect a lifetime of good service from any Waterman's Pen that is bought. It emphasises the care that is taken in the manufacture of Waterman's Pens; then it goes on to inform the purchaser that there is a service organisation to ensure that he gets full value from his purchase. He is told that if the pen gets damaged, it can be repaired; that if the nib is not exactly suited to the hand, it can be exchanged free of cost; that if for any reason he is not getting full satisfaction from his pen it should be returned for examination or exchange, either to the retailer who supplied it, or to us. It ends up with a warning not to remove the nib from the holder.

We have reason to believe that this Service Leaflet has already done good. Some Retailers have distributed a good number; others have not been so interested. May we suggest that even if the leaflet did not influence a single sale, it is still worthy of your support, because it ensures that those who have already bought Waterman's Pens from you will get greater satisfaction from their purchases. Greater satisfaction means, probably, the purchase of other Waterman's Pens, either for their own use, or for presents. It also means recommendations which lead to sales.

But the point we wish to emphasise mainly is that it is due to the purchaser that those who are making a profit out of the transaction should see to it that he is

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getting the best possible use out of his pen. The Retailer coming into actual contact with the purchaser is able to do more in this direction than we can. He can talk to him, and the purchaser will listen; he can demonstrate; and we all know how much better it is to have a thing shown to us, than to read about it.

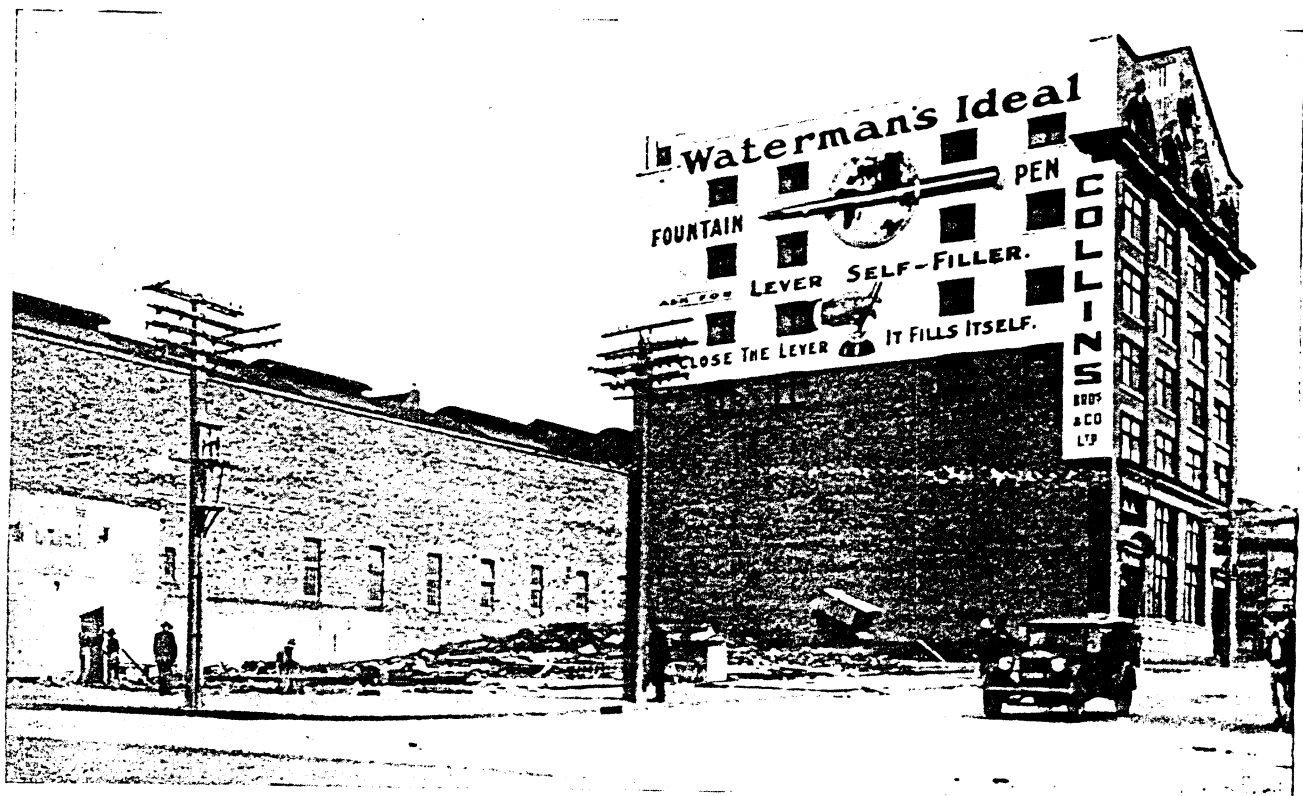
From the volume of correspondence that we get at "The Pen Corner" from actual purchasers, it is clear that the majority of pens are sold without any explanation or hint from the Stationer. The purchaser is simply told that there are full directions inside. Now it would be a simple thing for the salesman or saleswoman, when selling the pen, just to spend two minutes longer in showing the customers exactly how to fill it; in showing them how to replace the cap without damaging the nib; in warning them against taking the pen apart. It would be time well spent, and the assistant who does this works far beyond the profit on the one transaction. He helps a pen business to be built up on solid and profitable lines. The handing over of the Service

Leaflet is a small thing, but a very important one. It helps the customer, it helps us, it helps you.

Then again, never hurry a purchaser over choosing a nib. And be sure that in the end he really is pleased with his choice. Many a pen has been consigned to a drawer in a desk and forgotten, simply because the nib does not quite suit the hand. Remember it is much easier to sell another Waterman's to a man who already used one with satisfaction, than to sell a Waterman's to a man who has a fountain pen which he never uses because the nib doesn't suit him, or the pen isn't satisfactory in some other respect.

We are always searching out for new ways of adding to the service we at present give both to Retailers and actual purchasers. We want you to do the same. We want every user of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen to get 100% satisfaction from his purchase. We know that every one can be so satisfied if they have the right nib and use the pen in the right way. Will you help us?

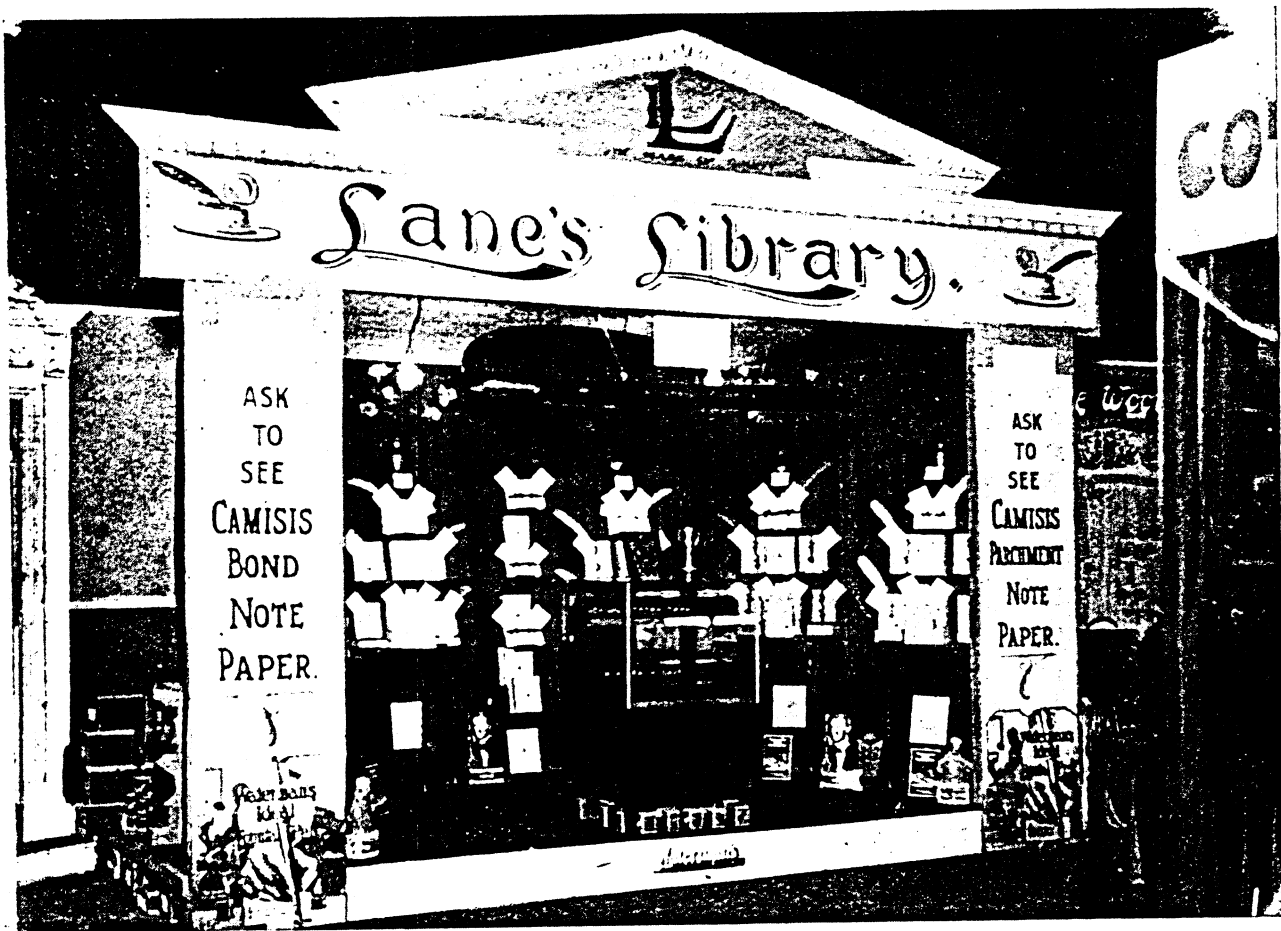
## Waterman Headquarters in New Zealand.



A Sign that can be seen afar.

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A Great Success!



## The Trades Exhibition, Herne Bay.

IT was a happy idea on the part of Mr. Lane to make the Pen Weight-Guessing Competition the feature of his stand at Herne Bay Trades Exhibition. We understand that the competition was a great success and attracted a great deal of interest and caused more than a little excitement. Mr. Lane did the thing well. Prior to the Exhibition he broadcasted by post a circular announcing the competition and enclosing a card. In the centre of the stand was a Waterman's showcase, and over it the large pen conspicuous enough for all to see, and high enough to prevent it being handled by anyone. 672 people entered for the competition, and one of them estimated the correct weight. The prizes and the names of the winners were displayed in the window of Lane's Library, 104, Mortimer Street, for a week after the competition, together with a splendid show of the pens

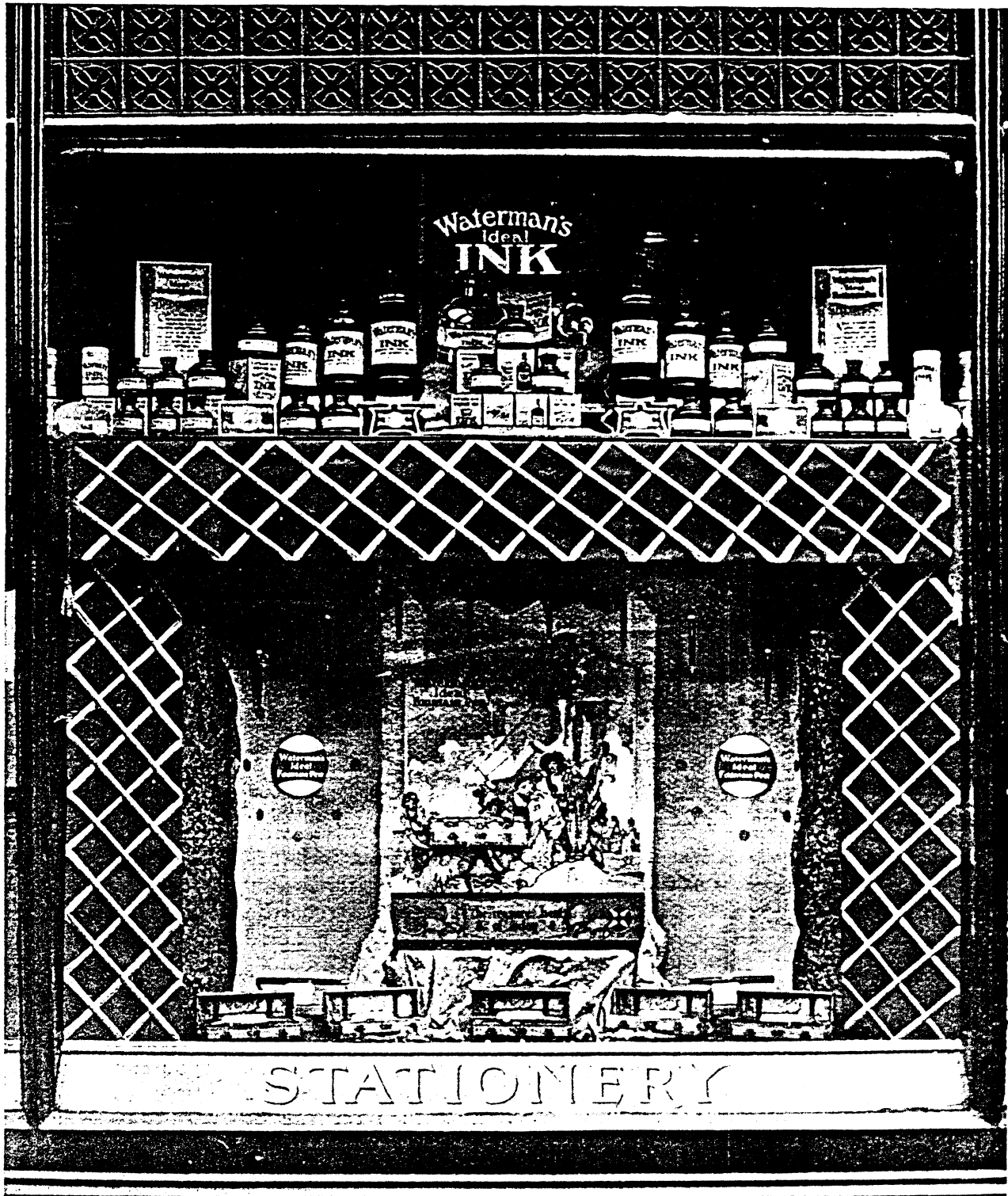
and suitable advertising matter, so that the interest in the event was maintained well after the actual competition.

It is most gratifying to us to learn that this competition was such a success, and that it has had the desired result. Our opinion is that though it may be most gratifying to record sales during a special show of this kind, or during a window show, the real benefit comes later. Buying a pen is not an everyday matter, and it is to the men and women who see your display and are impressed enough with it to register in their minds the fact that you carry a good selection of Waterman's Pens to whom you must look for the business that makes it really worth while to take this extra trouble. If only you can create the impression that Waterman's Pens are a leading line with you, you may be quite sure that regular business will result.



## The Treasure Chest.

London Stationer makes splendid use of Window Display material. See article on opposite page.



## A Transparent Waterman's Pen.

**F**OUNTAIN Pens, like human beings, need feeding. Apparently this fact is sometimes forgotten, and even journalists have been known to arrive at important meetings with empty pens. They, of all people, should make sure that their pens are filled, for their livelihood depends on the pen. Yet at a recent meeting of the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce, two or three journalists had to confess to empty pens.

Arising out of this incident it has been suggested that it would be useful if pens carried a reserve reservoir, so that when the pen runs dry there may be just enough to carry on for an average letter. This, we are afraid, is not practicable. It could only be done by limiting the amount of ink in the main supply. But Waterman's had thought about the matter some time ago and to meet the requirement have brought out a pen, the barrel of which is transparent. You can see exactly how much ink is left in the barrel. So if anyone is frightened of finding himself or herself with an empty pen, here is the solution. Though the barrel is transparent, it is as strong as the vulcanite used in the other types of Waterman's Pens. The cap is in black vulcanite and screws on to the barrel.

This new pen is known as the Regular Type No. 74, with security cap, and it retails at 21/-. Of course, this is not everybody's pen—it takes the whole range of Waterman's Pens to satisfy all tastes and requirements. But doubtless there will be some of

your customers who would buy this pen in preference to any other, and doubtless, also, there would be some who would buy this pen when they would not buy any other—and that is the reason why you should

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## A "Treasure Chest" Window Display.

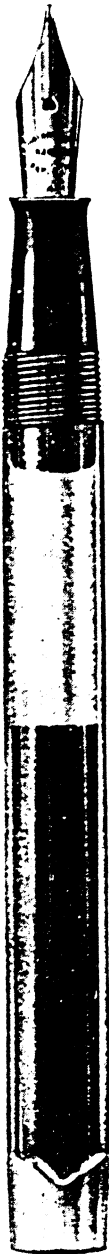
**A**S a rule the notes in the *Pen Prophet* concerning window displays have to be written from information received, supplemented with a photograph. One feels that under such circumstances it is impossible always to do justice to the enterprise shown by our friends. I, therefore, welcomed the opportunity of seeing the actual display pictured on the opposite page and of interviewing the originator of it, Mr. Wilkinson of Messrs. G. Pulman & Sons, Ltd., Thayer Street, London.

Mr. Wilkinson not only made the most of the material supplied to him, but he thought out a setting which showed everything to the greatest possible advantage. The photograph reveals something of the skill with which the designer went to work, but it does not convey any idea of the colour scheme, which was half the attraction of the display.

Mr. Wilkinson was not content just to dump down our big Treasure Chest Centre-piece and arrange a few pens alongside—he went much further than that. He dressed the window in such a way that throughout it suggested the treasure spirit. Most ingeniously he had fashioned ingots of gold and other oddments of treasures which were scattered around, and at the base there were the real treasures—the Combination Sets of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen and Pencil in their Treasure Boxes. The whole display was framed, as will be seen from the photograph, with trellis work. This trellis work consisted of gold crepe paper cut into strips and piped out.

Mr. Wilkinson took a great deal of trouble with this display, and he is to be congratulated in having achieved one of the most striking window shows which we have been privileged to comment upon in the *Pen Prophet*.

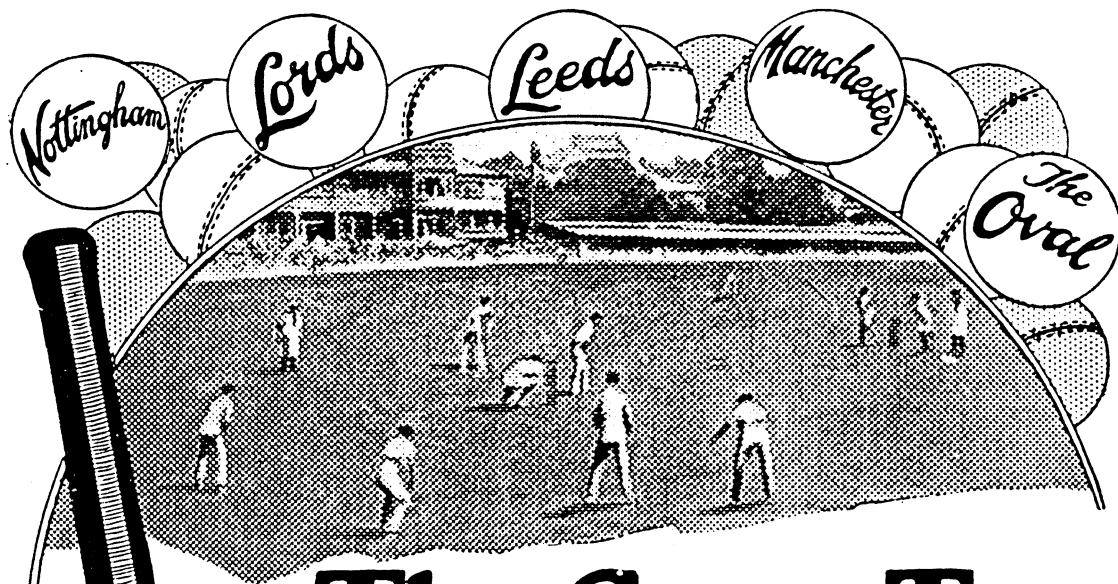
carry one or two of them in stock. Then again, we must remember that novelty is always an attraction, and for that reason alone you should let your customers see that you have a transparent pen in stock. Just one more suggestion and that is that you should bring this before the notice of your assistants.



Regular Type, No. 74.  
With Security Cap.

21/-

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# The Great Test

All eyes are centred on the players. "Well done, Collins!" "Bravo, Carr!" Whichever side wins there will be genuine and hearty cheers for the victors. For this is a supreme test of will, skill, and stamina.

The supreme test of a Fountain Pen is SERVICE. Before perfection of service is attained years of painstaking effort are needed. The knack acquired by the bowler finds its parallel in the method of the skilled worker who fashions the gold nib and points it with precious iridium.

To autograph bats and balls with a Fountain Pen is surely a severe test, yet sportsmen the world over use their Waterman's for that purpose. Watch Jack Hobbs!

Waterman's  
(Ideal)  
Fountain Pen

40 YEARS PROVED SERVICE

*This Bat*

was autographed by each member of the Australian Test team with his own Waterman's. JACK HOBBS signed it on the reverse side.

"Regular" Type, from 12/6; "Safety" Type, from 17/6; "Self-filling" Type (with Patent Lever), No. 52, 17/6; No. 54, 22/6. Pens with extra large ink capacity: No. 55, 27/6; No. 56, 32/6; No. 58, 42/- (Clip-Cap 1/- extra). Nibs to suit all hands; also special nibs for manifold and accounting. Every pen fully guaranteed.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS  
**L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner**  
Kingsway, London, W.C.2



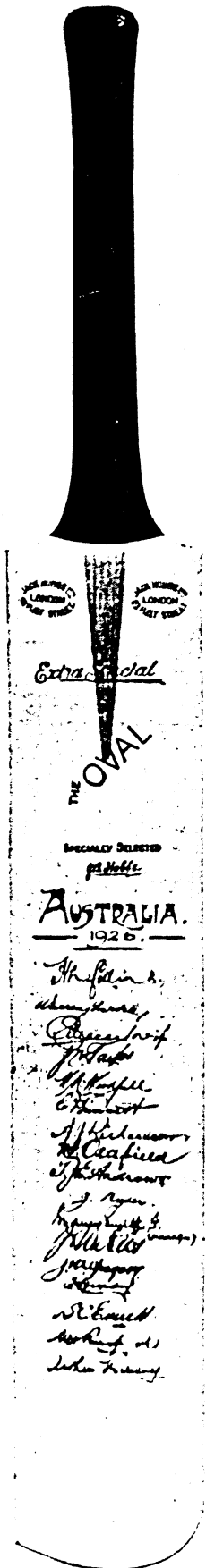


# The Australian Cricketers.

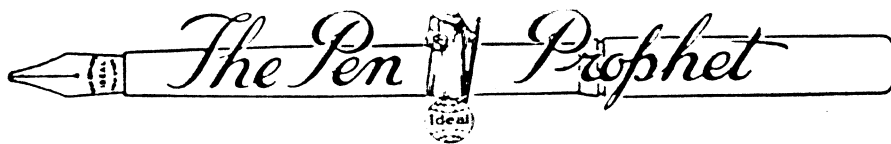
THE coming of the Australians is always an event of importance, but this year the visit is exciting more interest than ever before. We are all anxious to see the Australians. We are all anxious to see our men beat them, but win or lose, we have the profoundest respect and admiration for the players from "down under," and we wish them one and all such a happy time here that the occasion will for ever remain a happy memory to them.

As might be expected every member of the team possesses a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. To our friend, Mr. Jack Hobbs, we are indebted for having taken the trouble to procure the signatures of the Australian Team on the bat illustrated. Each member autographed it with his own Waterman's Pen. On the reverse side of the bat is the signature of Jack Hobbs. The bat, by the way, is one of Jack Hobbs' own make.

On the opposite page is shown an advertisement which has appeared in leading newspapers during the progress of Test Matches. If any Retailer would like a block for insertion in his local paper, he may have it free of cost, and pierced to take his own name and address, instead of the trading particulars that are included at present. Such publicity, at a time when everything concerning the Australian Cricketers is being read with the greatest of interest, is bound to have beneficial results on sales.







## The Green Twilight.

**O**N a sunny afternoon in early summer is the time to enjoy the green twilight of the beech. For then the foliage is in the heyday of its youth—fresh, vividly green, with a transparency that you can see and almost feel. Come in late summer and you shall find the shade of the beech of a much darker hue. The leaves are no longer the green windows that make the green twilight of early summer.

There is something friendly under the far-stretching arms of this typical British tree—something alluring, a place in which to sit and ruminant upon the variety and the glamour of Nature. Looking out through the green twilight to the sunlit fields beyond, it is as if the book of Nature were revealed to you—that book in which there is always solace for the jaded mind, which teems with interest if your eyes know how to see and your ears how to hear.

Is it not a singular thing that if you open that book at any period of the year, you shall find scenes and incidents that never fail to foster the spirit of contemplation?

This sunny summer afternoon, for example, as you sit and take your ease in the green twilight, you shall see the caterpillar's silk-winding feat. Look around, and at the end of five or six feet of silk, so fine that in the green twilight you can scarcely see it, there is a bright green caterpillar swinging to and fro.

How did it get there? That's naturally your first question. Well, up in the forest of leaves above your head there are many of these tiny caterpillars. Sometimes one will lose its footing and fall into what, to so tiny a creature, is the void below. Is it dashed to pieces on the ground? Oh, no, not with Mother Nature to lend a hand, for with her usual solicitude, she has presented a bag of silken cable to all caterpillars. She has taught these same caterpillars, working at a height, that the loose end of the cable should always be fixed to a leaf, so that when accidents happen the falling caterpillar will be pulled up short in mid-air. Not only is this a remarkable provision of Nature for a creature most of us despise, but it goes much farther. That caterpillar suspended from the leaf above would be in a terrible dilemma if the paying out of a

length of cable were its only means of safety.

Think of its awful predicament! Reminds you of the Duke of York's men who when they were half way up were neither up nor down. Makes you wonder if in that caterpillar's pin-head of a brain there is this thought. "I'm not down—nor yet am I up. I'm neither here nor there—oscillating on a summer's afternoon between somewhere and anywhere." Yet, whether the caterpillar thinks these things or it does not, the fact remains that Nature foresaw the predicament and provided the way out.

To each and every caterpillar she gives a set of spinnerets, which is the scientist's convenient term for a mechanical arrangement that pays out cable and takes in cable like a ship's windlass.

But with tantalising inconsistency she doesn't make the taking in any too easy. As the caterpillar turns and swings to and fro in the green twilight, if you look closely you will see it making great efforts to wind up the silken cable. Slowly it goes up and up, as if painfully winding in the silk. It has covered a foot, two feet, three feet, and the leafy harbour of this green aerial sea is in sight. And then there comes a puff of wind across the meadows. The beech branches swing responsively to it, the foliage rustles and sighs in summery contentment, and down falls the caterpillar to the starting point.

Hastily it begins again to wind in the silk. You can discern the eagerness to win back to safety, for there are birds about, hungry birds to whom such a caterpillar is a welcome tit-bit.

Robert the Bruce was entranced by the spider's toilsome and patient efforts. I wonder if that great man ever watched a stranded caterpillar in the green twilight! Did he see it, as you may, never tiring in its efforts to reach the goal? Did he see it climb within an ace of safety, and then fall down again? Not once, mind you, but many times. Yet there is the determination in that pin-head brain to win up to the leafy green pastures where there is ample food and comparative safety from marauders. And win it does! Up, up, so slowly, so toilsomely that when the last inch of the silken cable

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remains to be tucked away, you feel like giving a helping hand to prevent another fall—and just when the impulse prompts you to act, that last inch disappears, and the victory is won.

There's the material for a modern version of Bruce's "try again." I also think that we matter-of-fact Stationers, selling our Waterman's Pens, and always fighting the uphill fight, can find not a little inspiration through the patient struggles of so lowly and despised an organism as a caterpillar in the green twilight of the beech. Good sirrahs, do you agree? Anyhow, that's how it seems to one of you, whose pen name is

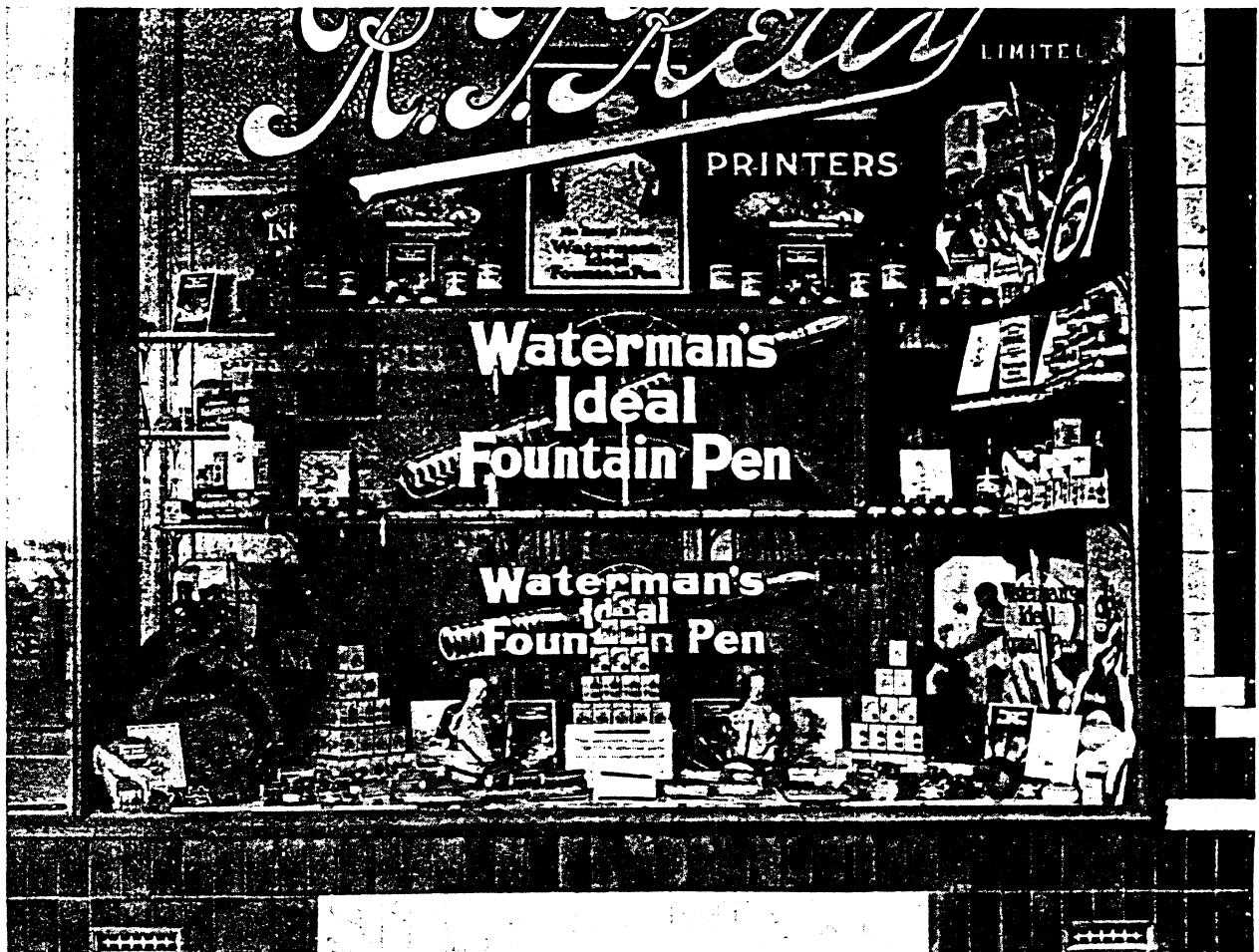
"JOHN."

## Our Back Page.

**O**UR Back Page which, as usual, is in colour, illustrates the "Lifetime of Service" given by Waterman's Ideal.

The schoolboy receives a Waterman's Pen as a gift. At 55 years of age he is still using the pen—40 years of service, and more to follow.

## A Fine Window Display from Sydney.



Messrs. R. T. Kelly Ltd., Castlereagh Street.

send us, through Messrs. Collins Bros. & Co., Ltd., this photograph of a recent Window Display given at their Sydney shop. We are glad to publish it as an example of Australian enterprise.

## Wanted! A Sherlock Holmes.

**D** OUBTLESS among the readers of *The Pen Prophet* are many who pride themselves upon their powers of deduction. Such trifling things as a hair, a few specks of dust, a button, a charred fragment of paper have frequently sufficed to bring to heel many a fugitive from justice who fondly imagined that he had left nothing behind that would serve as a clue to his identity.

Here, then, is a little mystery in connection with a Waterman's Pen which has puzzled not a few of us at "The Pen Corner"



Two youths hunting for shells on the sea shore found a Razor fish with its shell tightly closed, leading them to believe that the fish was alive. Prizing the shell open they were amazed to find inside a long object

encrusted with a greenish substance. After two hours' careful cleaning the strange object proved to be a Self-filling Waterman's Pen with a gold band bearing the mystic letters "H.K." and "N.B."

Judging by its condition the pen had been in Davy Jones' locker for quite a year or more, but as befitting a well-behaved Waterman's it was found to be in perfect writing order.

When the Editor sought my opinion of it I told him that I was no hand at fishing stories. I also told him that although the whale had swallowed Jonah it did not follow that a razor fish would swallow a fountain pen. Really I cannot imagine a polygamous bivalve mollusc using a Waterman's for writing odes to its loved ones. Being a razor fish it might be conceivable that it would use it for purposes of advertisement, to extol the keenness of its blades among the marine community. There might be a possible demand for instance from sea lions and walruses, both of which sport whiskers I believe.

"However that may be" said he, "there you have it in black and white from the

owner of the pen. Read the letters for yourself. The question is—How did the razor fish come by the Waterman's?"

Since the Editor is adamant, I make bold to say the pen belonged to some important personage. I visualize an American magnate. The plain gold band on the pen denotes a man of means—not a lover of the ornate so far as personal belongings are concerned. The initials "H.K." stand for Hiram Knobson. We now come to the second group of initials—"N.B." These might conceivably represent the latin injunction "Nota Bene." Note well! See who I am! But as the owner was of a severely practical turn of mind, with no pretty taste for anything but a thoroughly live modern language, I must discard that supposition. "N.B.", then, stands for "Never Beat," or if you think I am mistaken I will admit "New Brunswick."

Hiram, as I say, was a practical man, but on this occasion he was doing "Yurrup," accompanied by his wife and two daughters who insisted on having the most exclusive suite on the Cunarder. One afternoon, Hiram came tearing on deck flourishing a fountain pen which he threw with all his might into the sea. He had been having a few words with Sofie, his wife, over a little matter of fifteen thousand dollars, and he had vowed that he would not sign another diabolical cheque, or words to that effect, for the remainder of the trip.

That, you see, is where the razor fish comes in. As the pen fell into the sea the glint of the gold band attracted his attention, the trap-door was promptly opened and—well, there you are!



I have just explained this original version of mine to the Editor, but he doesn't seem to think much of it. "What man in his senses," said he, "would do such a foolish thing as to throw away a Waterman's Pen, especially a gold banded one?"

"Very well then," I said, "let your stock-broker have a try. I wipe my hands of it."

O.P.



## What America taught me.

By F. C. Guildford.

THE Editor has asked me to write an article on my recent visit to the other side of the Atlantic, and although I accede to his request with pleasure, I am in some doubt as to my ability to convey to readers of the *Pen Prophet* any adequate idea of the splendid impression of progress I received. I could "talk" it better than I can write it.

You have had in the *Pen Prophet* many "impressions" of visits to the American and Canadian Factories of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. I myself wrote one seven years ago. You must have gathered from these articles that the manufacture of Waterman's Pen is a very wonderful process. Process I say, but rightly I should term it processes, for in the making of the gold nib alone there are over 80 different operations. You have read all about them, and about the 200 and more other operations necessary to bring the Pen to the perfection of which we are so justly proud. There is therefore no need for me to describe them in detail. But I wonder how many of my readers are aware that as a result of these many operations, including the hand-working of the gold and the iridium, there is individuality about the nibs. Given a machine-like precision in manufacture, you would get absolute uniformity, but as there is no such thing as uniformity about handwriting, neither should there be uniformity in the character of nibs.

Fortunately it is not necessary to have a million different nibs to suit a million different people. Given the proper flexibility, one nib will fit many different requirements. It adapts itself to the need of the individual. That is one of the secrets of the success of the Waterman's Pen, and that is the reason why the Waterman's nib is hand-hammered instead of entirely machine-made. The result is that you can take twelve Waterman's nibs from your stock and though not two of them would have the same flexibility yet it would be possible for you to suit at least fifty people with these nibs.

You will see then that it is not so much the material—costly as that may be—but it is the workmanship which makes the price of the Waterman's nib.

I am deeply interested in Salesmanship and this phase of our work occupied my thoughts a great deal during my absence from "The Pen Corner."

We left for America on the S.S. "Mauretania," the fastest ship in the world. This wonderful ship covers the 3,000 miles and arrives to time just like an express train. You know what these ships are like—travelling hotels. I had to be on the boat the best part of a week making acquaintanceship with hundreds of people, meeting them in the lounges, smoking rooms, writing rooms, reading rooms; talking with them on deck, and it seemed to me at once that here was a great opportunity for a Pen Salesman, so I got to work and I asked a number of my fellow travellers why they were not using fountain pens. One would reply that he had had several and that they did not work, another that he had never had time to buy one, and more still, indeed three out of every four, that they had not been able to discover a nib to suit them. Imagine it! Three out of four not using fountain pens because they could not get a nib to suit them. You may be sure I told them that they could get Waterman's Pens to suit them exactly, and I believe that on that one boat we made at least sixty people determine to buy Waterman's Pens.

I cannot urge too strongly the necessity for the pen salesman to concentrate on fitting nibs to the hand. There is a great deal in it, and it means everything to the purchaser, and do not forget that the men who don't manage to get fitted with nibs to their liking are a menace to the trade. They don't keep silent about the matter. They talk, and by talking they prevent others from going to your shop to buy fountain pens.

Upon going round New York and visiting the trade there, I was particularly impressed with the wonderful fountain pen displays.



I am sorry to have to say it, but they are far better displays than are given in this country. I think the reason is to be found in the fact that the stationer there does not look upon the fountain pen as a side line, but as one of his best bread-and-butter lines. Consequently, he gives it prominence. I also found out that the majority concentrated on what they considered the best pen, merely carrying a few of the others for those of his customers who insisted upon having them.

It was my good fortune to go down to Eustis in Florida, with Mr. F. D. Waterman, and travelling on a train for two days and two nights, I again found opportunity for talking on fountain pens. Here may I just remark that I did this chiefly for my own benefit. I was in America to learn. Well this is what I discovered. Almost everyone carried fountain pens, and nine out of ten had two or three. One traveller, I noticed, carried a special pen for his order book, and another pen for his regular correspondence. That habit will come here. I know hundreds of people in this country who carry two or three fountain pens, but in America I think there must be at least as many people carrying two pens as there are carrying one, and a considerable number carry three or four. So we have a long way to go in that direction. And why shouldn't we carry two or three pens? It is only natural to use different pens for different writing purposes, and it is very pleasant to change from a thick barrel to a thinner barrel or vice versa. I have three razors—there is my regular one and there is one which is a little lighter, and another which is a little smaller, and I change from one to another according to my preference at the moment. So don't think that because you have sold a man one fountain pen, even though it be a Waterman's which will last him a lifetime, that he won't ever need another.

I must tell you what a wonderful experience it was for me going through the beautiful country down to Florida. They like to make you as comfortable as possible on the train; you sit in comfortable arm chairs in a club room, you can have your game of bridge, you can even secure the services of a barber.

Arriving at Eustis, where Mr. Waterman

has a beautiful orange grove, and a fine hotel the Fountain Inn, I had three of the most delightful days I have ever spent in my life. The sun shone in a cloudless sky all day long, everyone was genial and happy, and though we knew that the General Strike was on in England, it was really difficult to realise that there was anything wrong in the World at all.

Another visit we made was to Boston, and this historic city appealed to us very much indeed. We visited the new Waterman building which is the highest building in the city and I called on a number of the Trade. Stationer after stationer told me that he had been selling Waterman's Pens for 20-30 years, and they seemed very proud to tell me that they started with half a dozen and were now carrying stocks of four or five gross. They were proud also to tell me of their experiences and how the Waterman's Pen had always been their great standby.

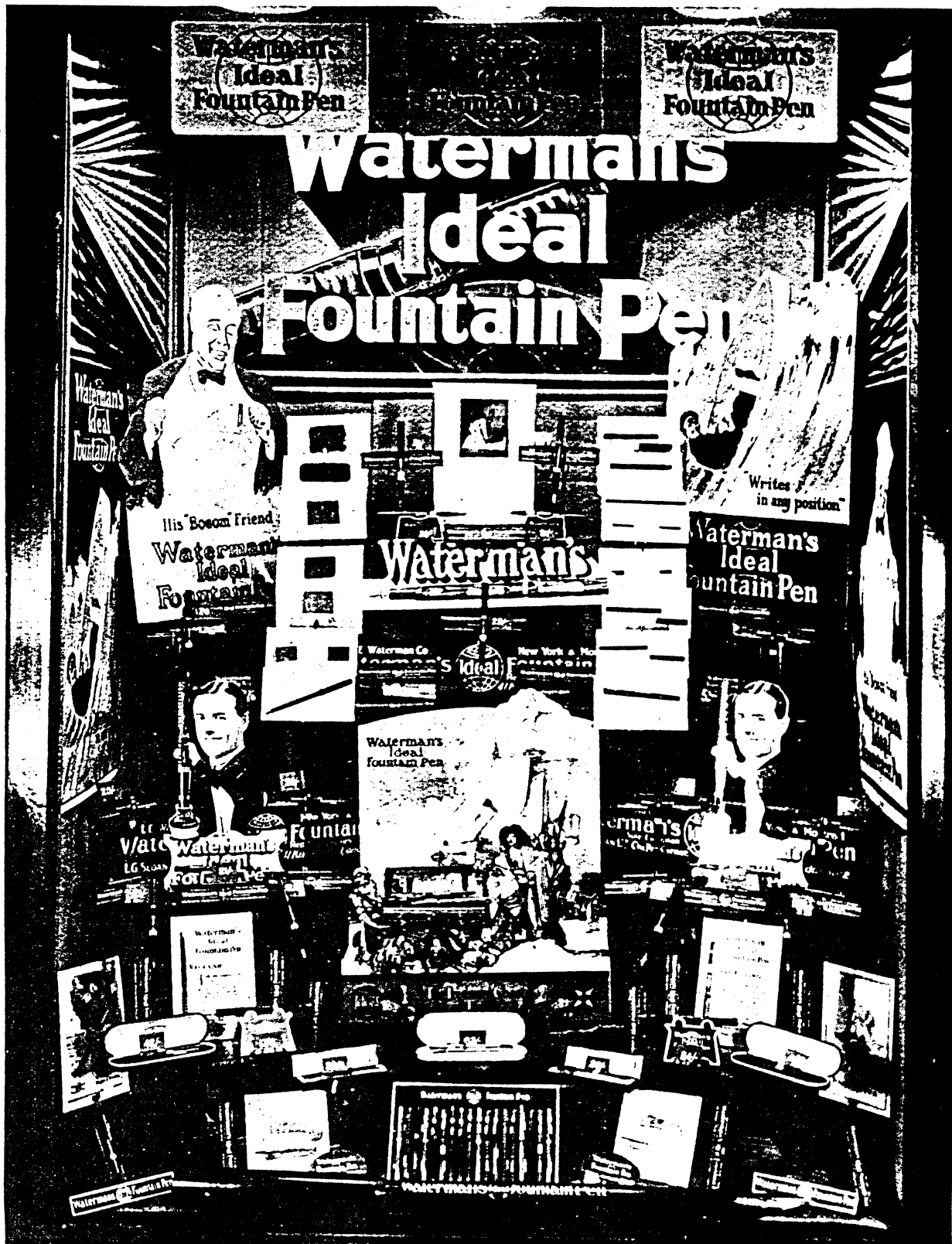
Again on our way back to England, we found many opportunities for talking about fountain pens with I believe an advantage to the trade here. I am sure that we do not make sufficient of such opportunities. After all, though we do not "talk shop" outside business and make ourselves general nuisances, there are opportunities for us to put in a word which will eventually mean the sale of a Waterman's Pen.

One stationer told me of the number of Waterman's Presentation Pens he had sold from suggestions which he himself had made in clubs, at the church and elsewhere. To my mind there is no reason in the world why this should not be done. After all, most people will be only too pleased for the suggestion, for the problem of giving is a perplexing one.

To sum up, I have returned to my desk greatly encouraged by my experience and convinced that there is a big future in the pen business for all of us. All the foundations have been laid and laid well by those who are senior in our various businesses. We younger ones have opportunities before us that they never had and we have the benefit of their ripe experience. I am convinced that we can leave the records of the past far behind if we will seize the opportunities which will come our way, and if we will always seek to improve our service to the public.

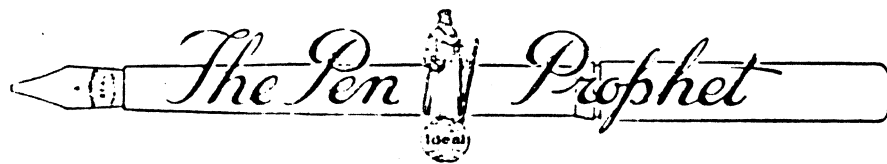
# The Pen Prophet

A Splendid Pen Display at Nottingham.



Messrs. Boots, Station Street, Nottingham.





## Welcoming the Ripple-Rubber Pencil.

By Silent Salesman.



No. 25.

**7/6**

*Gold Filled  
Clip.*

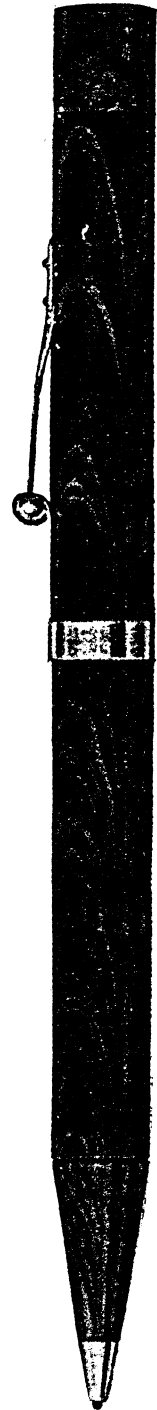
**O**F the making of pencils, as with the making of books, there seems no end; yet I dare venture to predict that not one Stationer in a hundred who sees the new Waterman's Ripple-Rubber Pencil with the metal tip will be other than eager to add it to his stock. I prophesy a great success for this new pencil. It's a beauty. It captured me at first glance. I have it in my hand now. I shall be surprised if the orders from the Trade during the next six months do not greatly exceed the supply.

Time was when my taste inclined to the severely plain. My pen and my pencil had to be black, relieved, perhaps, by a narrow gold band. But now, I must confess, my fancy runs to something brighter. And that, I think, but reflects the spirit of the age. We crave for colour.

Well, the new Ripple-Rubber Pencil satisfies that desire. It breaks away from the plain, yet does not go to extremes. Though there is colour—and bright colour, too—there is nothing startling about it. Anyone—even the most staid among professional men—may carry it without doing violence to his

feelings. There is a richness of effect, restrained yet distinctive, which is intensely satisfying to the eye. It's a real pleasure to take the pencil from one's pocket and look at it. I don't know to how many people I have shown mine, but one and all have coveted it. It is no use my trying to describe its markings, the pencil itself must be seen. But alongside this article you get a fair representation in the colour illustrations. Don't think it is just like the Mottled; it isn't; see the two together and you will be amazed at the difference. The markings are different, the colouring is brighter, more alive.

But the pencil differs in other respects. It is stouter—there's more body to it. You feel you have something in your hand. Yet there is no appreciable difference in weight between it and its slimmer forerunner which, as you know, is as light as a feather. To my mind the new size (No. 25) is going to be more generally acceptable than the thinner style; certainly it goes better with the larger pens—but that is another story. I think it has a better balance than any pencil I have yet handled.



No. 25.

**10/6**

*With neat  
Gold Band.*



## The Ripple-Rubber (cont.)

I have written page after page with it at top speed, and not felt the slightest fatigue in my fingers.

A feature of the Waterman's Pencil has always been the rigidity of the lead. Compared with other pencils this is certainly an outstanding quality, but in this new size and style a metal tip has been added, which, besides improving the appearance of the pencil, holds the lead with a vice-like grip infinitely superior even to the rigid point we have been accustomed to in the original Waterman's Pencil.

This metal tip is non-tarnishing and it both protects and expands.

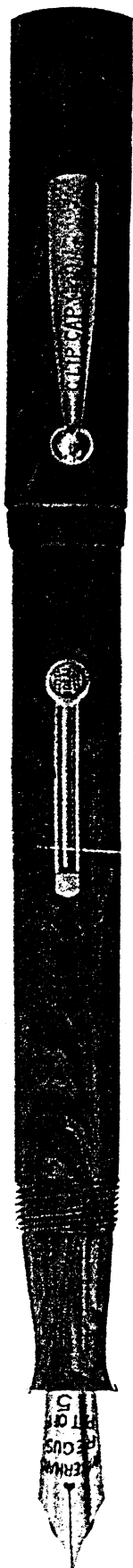
And, of course, there is the clip which is riveted on to the pencil just like it is riveted on to the cap of the Waterman's Pen.

Well, there you have what I consider is the best pencil yet made, and I am sure you will agree with me, when you see this No. 25 Waterman's Ripple-Rubber Pencil, that it is a winner. Show it, my friends, and you will sell it. I see, by the way, that this size is now available in the black series, plain and chased, and in cardinal, with or without gold bands, but in each instance with the metal tip. This metal tip is only on the No. 25 size.

## And now the Ripple-Rubber Pen.

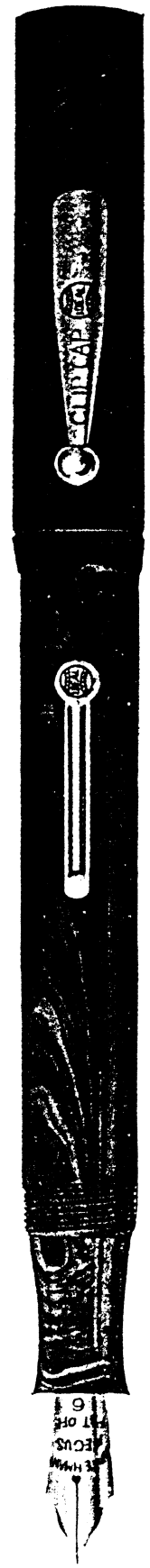
One thing leads to another, and naturally it has been discovered that the new size, being so much more substantial, is a more fitting companion for the larger size pens. But before I get on to that there is an even more important development to mention, and that is the Ripple-Rubber Waterman's Pen. As a matter of fact the pen preceded the pencil. Naturally it would. All I have said about the beauty of the Ripple-Rubber Pencil applies equally to the Ripple-Rubber Pen. Forgive me if

I say again "It's a beauty." Really that sums it up. On this page I am showing in the actual colours, so far as blockmakers and printers can reproduce them, the No. 55 and No. 56 Waterman's Ripple-Rubber Pen. The Ripple-Rubber is used for these two sizes only. Noble pens they look, too. Splendid fellows. I don't know whether you have found it out, but size does make a difference to a pen. I am not a big man, and I have not got a big fist, and yet I infinitely prefer a No. 55



No. 55.  
Ripple-Rubber  
with Clip-Cap.

35/-



No. 56.  
Ripple-Rubber  
with Clip-Cap.

40/-



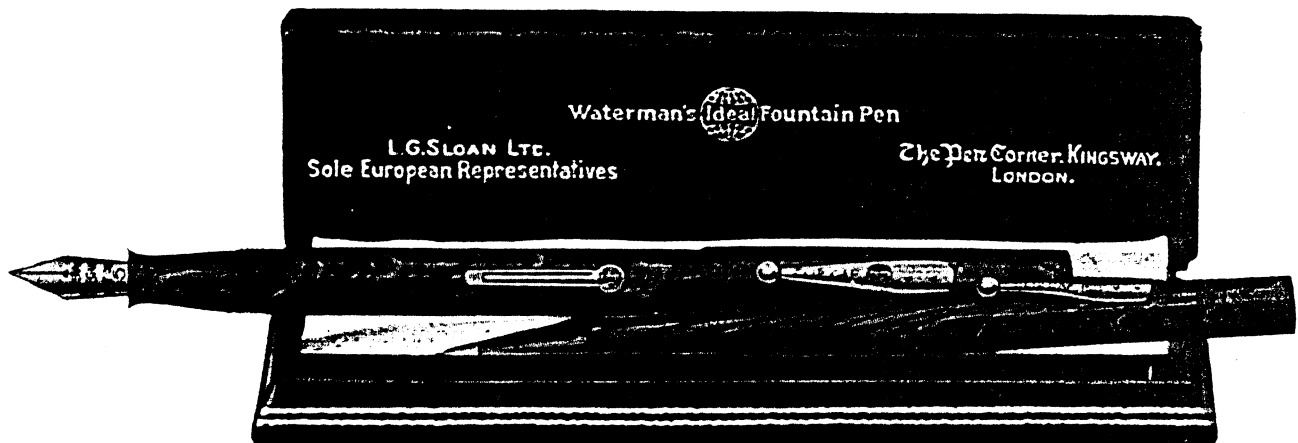
## The Ripple-Rubber (*cont.*)

or a No. 56 to a No. 52. I do a tremendous lot of writing every day, and I do not find that the big size tires me. On the contrary, my fingers are more tired when I use the thinner barrel. Nevertheless, I do sometimes, by way of experiment, change from one pen to another in the course of a long day at the desk. What I find though, is that there is a greater flexibility about the larger pen. The nibs are bigger broader in the shoulder, and they seem so splendidly suited to their job. Filling a pen never worries me, and I never find myself without ink in the barrel; at the same time it is very satisfactory to have a pen in your pocket which will write 25,000 words with one filling. That is what these two big pens, No. 55 and No. 56 in the Ripple-Rubber, will do. What I would impress upon you is this, not to think of these larger pens as only being suitable for large men. They suit the average individual.

So you have new pens—Waterman's Ripple-Rubber No. 55 and No. 56—to offer your customers and to please tastes which have hitherto had to be satisfied with the Mottled, the Cardinal or the Black. You

will sell these pens, I am sure, to thousands of people who already possess one or two Waterman's.

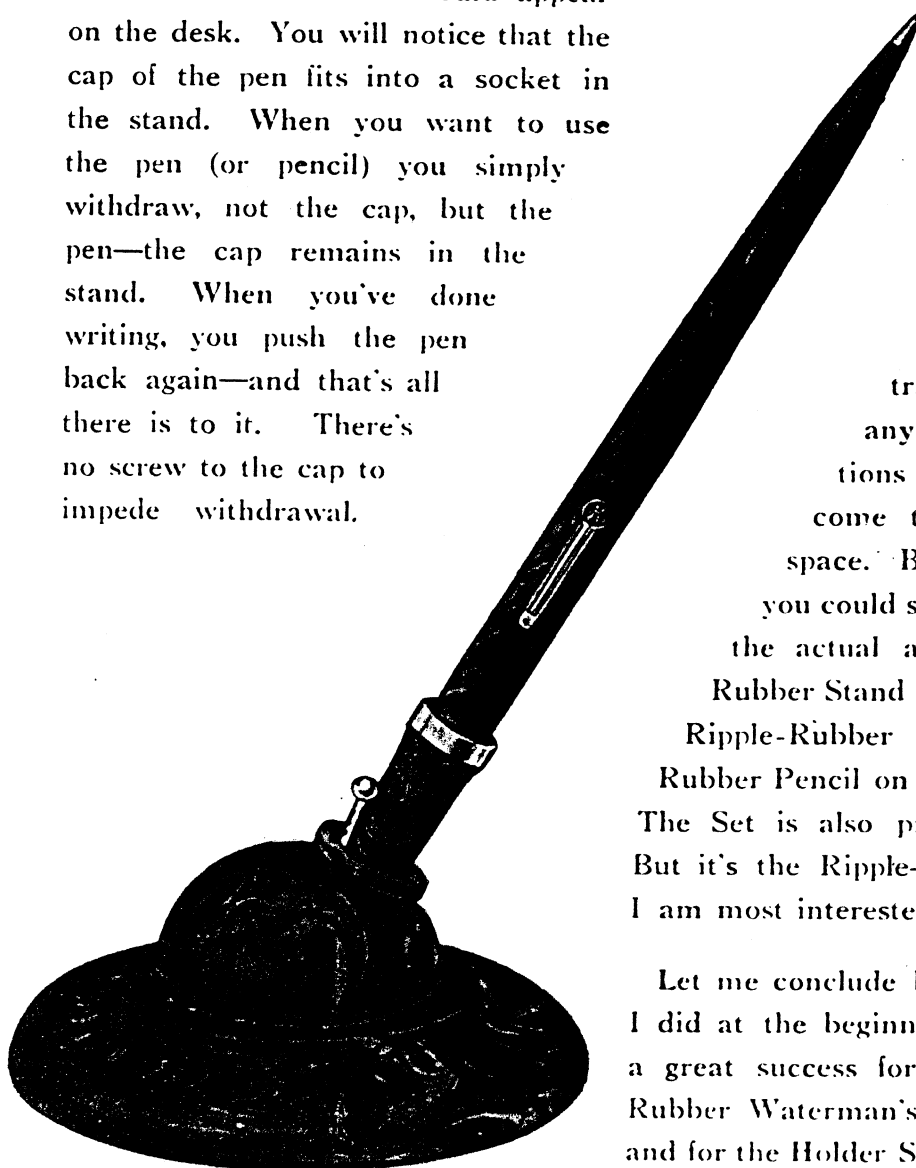
I have told you about the Ripple-Rubber Pencil, and about the Ripple-Rubber Pen. Take the two together, and you have the Combination Set. One set is illustrated here, the No. 55 pen and No. 25 pencil, at 42/6, or with gold lip band, 50/6. It is nicely presented in an appropriately coloured box, the gold-mounted in special velvet cases. I need scarcely say anything further about the contents of the box, because you have already had my description of the pen and of the pencil, but seen together both articles seem to gain in magnificence. I want you to ask our travellers about these Combination Sets. I want you to get them to show you the range. It really is surprising the variety that you can now offer your customers. And tastes so differ that it is essential for an up-to-date Retailer to carry all styles and sizes. But there is no hardship in that, for Waterman's Fountain Pens and Pencils sell well all the year round. They are not articles on which the Retailer takes a risk.



*One of the Ripple-Rubber Combination Sets, containing No. 55 Pen and No. 25 Pencil, 42/6.*

## Ripple-Rubber Desk Stand, with Pen and Pencil combined.

And now, to complete my story, there is the Waterman's Ripple-Rubber Holder-Stand with combined Pen and Pencil. This is going to be a great presentation feature. Mark my words, you will sell a lot of them, especially around Christmas time. Now, just look at the illustration. It represents the entire article as it would appear on the desk. You will notice that the cap of the pen fits into a socket in the stand. When you want to use the pen (or pencil) you simply withdraw, not the cap, but the pen—the cap remains in the stand. When you've done writing, you push the pen back again—and that's all there is to it. There's no screw to the cap to impede withdrawal.



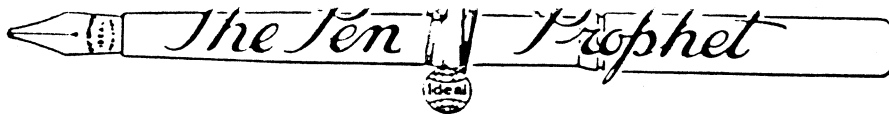
and so you have a pen and pencil to your hand for instant use without the loss of a moment. If you want to carry the pen in your pocket, you pull out the cap, which already is covering the point, unscrew the pencil section, and you have the pen by itself, with

clip-cap.

The pencil section doubtless you will put in another pocket.

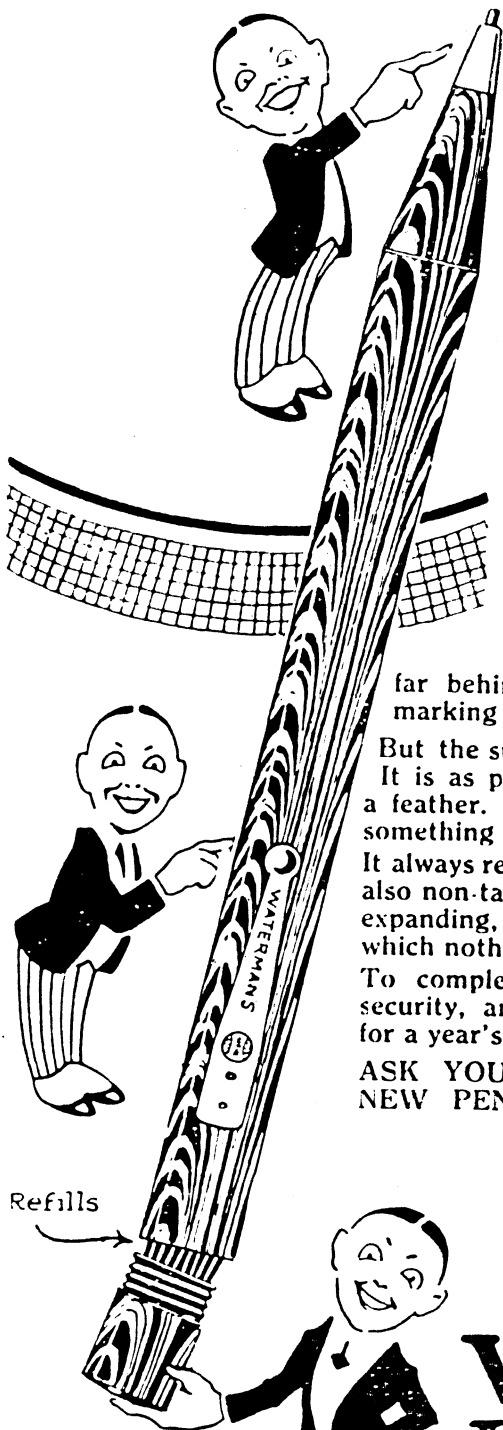
I am going to leave the advertisement and our travellers to make any further explanations necessary. I have come to the end of my space. But I do wish that you could see, and see quickly, the actual article, the Ripple-Rubber Stand with the combined Ripple-Rubber Pen and Ripple-Rubber Pencil on your own counter. The Set is also produced in black. But it's the Ripple-Rubber set which I am most interested in now.

Let me conclude by prophesying, as I did at the beginning of this article, a great success for the new Ripple-Rubber Waterman's Pens and Pencils and for the Holder Stand with Pen and Pencil combined.



The very latest  
in Pencils

# Waterman's Ripple-Rubber Pencil



Ripple-Rubber is a new discovery, a secret known only to Waterman's. How the ripple effect is secured matters not; what does matter is that for sheer beauty this new pencil, made of Ripple-Rubber (Vulcanite), leaves all others far behind. The bright, rich colouring and exquisite marking have never been equalled.

But the superiority of the new pencil does not stop there. It is as practical as it is beautiful. It is light—light as a feather. Yet it is thick enough for you to feel you've something in your hand. And the balance is perfect.

It always retains its colour and gloss and the metal tip is also non-tarnishing. This tip, besides being protective and expanding, holds the ever-pointed lead in a vice-like grip which nothing can loosen.

To complete, there is the riveted Waterman Clip for security, and a dozen spare leads in the end—enough for a year's use.

ASK YOUR STATIONER TO SHOW YOU THIS NEW PENCIL WITH—

- (1) Super-Rigid Expanding Metal Tip.
- (2) Ripple-Rubber (Vulcanite) Barrel.
- (3) Riveted Clip for security.
- (4) Year's Supply of Refills.

No. 25 Size.

# 7/6

or with 9-ct.  
Gold Band, 10/6  
for engraving of Name.  
etc.

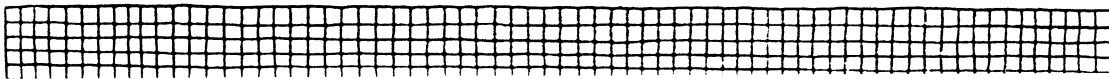
*This new size with  
metal tip can also  
be had in plain black  
and chased.*

# Waterman's Ripple-Rubber Pencil

OF STATIONERS EVERYWHERE.

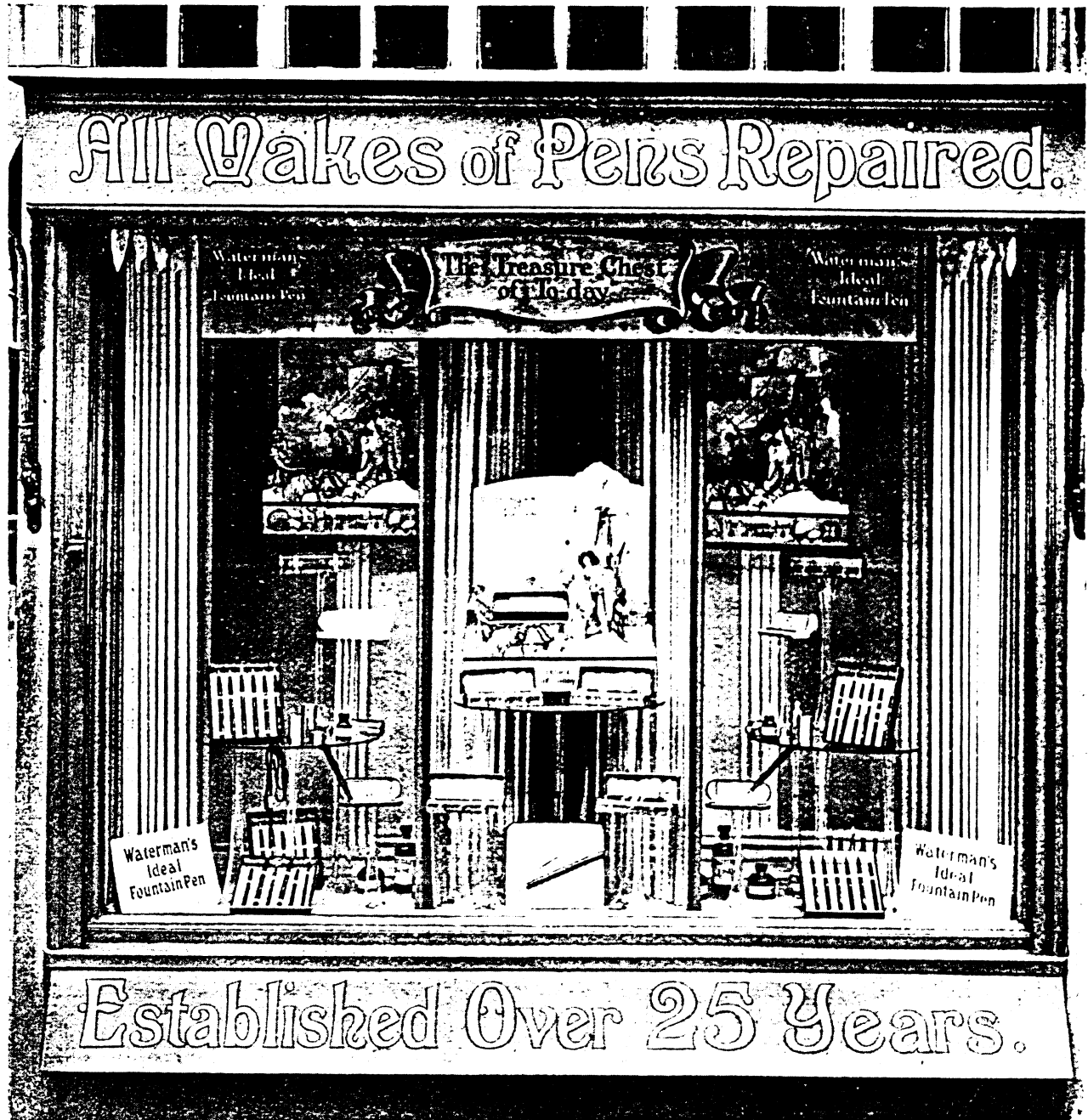
L. G. SLOAN, LTD.,

The Pen Corner Kingsway, London, W.C.2





Another Fine "Treasure Chest" Display.



Mr. R. Horsley, Strand, London.

Our friend, Mr. Horsley, Strand, London, is to be congratulated on a display which is a model of good taste and effectiveness. Look at it. There is everything here that attracts and nothing that detracts. There are enough pens in the window to indicate that there are ample stocks inside and each group is so tastefully displayed that every pen has a chance of making its appeal to the public eye. We congratulate Mr. Horsley on one of the best Waterman's window displays we have seen for some time past.

## On Recreations. Gardening in Particular.

**A** MAN, especially a town man, must have some form of recreation for his leisure moments, else he may become dull of mind and indolent of body. I admire most of all the man who, in buying a new house, takes over a plot of ground say 350 by 85, just as the builders have left it, complete with brickbats and chunks of concrete, empty sardine tins, zinc baths, plank ends and broken pieces of iron piping, all discreetly buried six inches to a foot below the surface. Of course he may not know what he is taking on, for the title deeds probably make no mention of the timber and mineral rights, but at any rate it has the element of surprise and helps to divert his mind from business worries during the years of week-ends that he is busy getting the garden in order.

I have known men who have taken to fishing. Fishing may be all right for those who dislike gardening, tennis, golf, football or cricket. If a man likes to sit all day with rod in hand gazing into a stream and fails to get a "bite," he has at any rate had time to reflect either on his folly or his course of action. He can buy, say half-a-dozen salmon on the way home or think out a better story than the last one in order to circumvent the scollings of his wife, daughters and intimate friends. A gardener may, of necessity, stoop to many things but he could never stoop to that sort of thing. He would never dream of putting in overnight a couple of dahlias in full bloom, pat himself on the back and exclaim to his wife next morning, "Well, my dear, what do you think of me as a dahlia grower?" Mushrooms, I admit, might be a temptation, only they would not blend so well with the Delphiniums.

A man should not undertake gardening unless he is prepared to roll up his sleeves and fight for it. I am well aware that some men do put on the gloves, but maybe with a different motive.

In one sense gardening is economical. A real gardener gets so absorbed in his job that he forgets all about meal times. Of course it has its disadvantages too, especially to the man who has to punch on punctually at the office every morning at 9 o'clock.

Did I ever tell you about my neighbour, Jim Moore? If Jim strolled out in the garden before breakfast "just to have a look round," as he put it, he would be there for the day, at least until his wife with frantic bangings on the gong—a shameful procedure but effective—let him know that if he missed the 8.40 again there would be trouble. I often wondered what would happen if he hadn't a wife to bring him to earth, or rather away from it. Well, it so happened one day that his wife had an urgent summons to go and nurse an ailing sister. For four days in succession Jim caught the 9.3, 9.25, 9.37 and 9.55 respectively. Things were evidently going from bad to worse. The following morning I heard a familiar but unusual sound from somewhere up the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot stretch of garden. Looking out I saw Jim, who is decidedly corpulent, sprinting in great style towards the tool shed, on the top of which was his double-gonged alarm clock, cheerfully ringing out the call to duty. Jim caught the 8.40 that morning and every other morning and was so proud of the fact that he wrote and told his wife about it but forgot to explain how he managed it. Later, there was a rumour to the effect that a battered alarm clock had been discovered in the dustbin, but nobody dared enquire as to how it came to be put out of action.

As I said before, the man who takes up gardening must be prepared to fight for it. Apart from the elements and the weeds and innumerable garden pests, he must take a firm stand whenever accused of being "a disgrace to the neighbours," which, reading between the lines, means the wives of his neighbours. I fail to see why a man should be expected to wear his nicely creased check trousers, a bow tie and spats for mowing the lawn, digging up his potatoes or bombarding the slugs with handfuls of soot when he discovers them having a banquet over his choicest row of sweet peas. Far too many things are done—I should say endured—in the name of convention, or respectability, or for the sake of impressing the neighbours.

Speaking of slugs reminds me that every garden is a veritable Zoo, only instead of

paying to see the inhabitants, you pay out good money and expend much time and energy to see the back of them. Of course slugs are easy, besides they provide plenty of sport. Somebody discovered many years ago that they, the slugs, have a strong objection to sea bathing, since when men have gone forth at dead of night in dress clothes or dressing gown, according to the hour or the circumstance, armed with a candle or lantern and a jam jar filled with synthetic sea water. Also those who find it difficult to get a firm grip of the creatures when transferring them to the said jar have been known to borrow or even purloin the sugar tongs—certainly a most effective implement for the purpose. I give the tip for what it is worth, provided I am not blamed for the consequences to those who are found out.

Fortunately slugs haven't any legs so they can't run away when you flash the bull's eye on them. Now it is different with millipedes which have far too many legs for my liking. At least people call them legs, but to me they look uncommonly like swift-moving bodies with a cross-cut saw attached to each side. I suppose we must be thankful for small mercies but I shudder to think what would happen were they as big as cats and rubbed up against you in the same feline fashion.

What with these and other enemies of the garden there is never a dull moment. If I were to undertake to compile a list, either *The Pen Prophet* would have to carry many more pages or those who contemplate taking over one of those "highly desirable plots" (*vide* the builder) would give up the idea in disgust, and that would be bad for trade and for the better housing movement. I content myself, therefore, by just mentioning a few:

There are green fly that adore the roses as much as the rosarian does and which, so the scientists say, flourish and multiply at the rate of one every 30 minutes, each offspring in its turn on attaining its majority, about three days, doing likewise and so *ad infinitum*. Then there are black fly in connection with which originated the famous society slogan "I'll give 'em beans!" Also blue fly of plumdon, red spider of the greenhouse, white butterfly of the cabbage patch, and the orange-coloured wireworm

which performs astonishing feats of tunnelling in potatoes—quite a riot of colour in pestology. Then there are bell moths, mildew, ants, cuckoo spit, caterpillars, and leather jackets. The last named as you know grow up into daddy longlegs, beloved of children, until they, the children, grow up and possess gardens of their own when they immediately forsake their love.

I was almost forgetting the earwigs, which lend enchantment to the view from the drawing room window by causing the gardener to erect tier upon tier of flower-potted poles, looking for all the world like the cocoanut shies of the fair-ground, and which cause even a staid and austere gentleman to cast his eye unconsciously to the ground for suitable missiles.

If you are fortunate enough to live by a wood, or better still to own one, I would have you beware of squirrels. The dear creatures, so I am given to understand, show a decided weakness for editorial strawberries (variety not yet catalogued).

Gardening, it seems to me, is very much like business. You find competition at every turn, only in these enlightened days it is met with gentler methods. What the competitor would say if sprayed with a 75% solution of quassia or soap suds or deluged with soot or lawn sand, well, I leave it to your imagination.

OLD PENDLE.

## The Treasure Chest.

GOOD accounts have been received from all over the country regarding the "Treasure Chest." Our advice is—keep it up. Keep on showing the Pen and Pencil in this novel container, and make special window displays of the excellent material which has already been supplied, or which you may have for the asking.

Keep the "Treasure Chest" going and you will find that interest in it grows as the weeks go by. The cumulative effect will be a big demand at Christmas time. But you will not have to wait until then to see results. The Treasure Chest idea will create sales for you in August and throughout the Autumn. It is picturesque, it is attractive, it is novel—it lends itself to display.



Another New  
Waterman's Pencil.  
No. 26.

**H**ERE is a Pencil with a lead that measures about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter, and which makes a mark as thick as that of a crayon. It is a pencil you yourself, in your own business, in your home and your garden, will find useful. It is not a pencil for ordinary writing, and won't cut out the No. 21 or No. 25. It is a pencil to use when you want to make heavy bold markings. I find it useful myself editing this journal. I discovered I had wanted just such a pencil for a long time. I mark newspapers with it. I have written names on brown paper with it. At home I have used it for odd markings on wood. In fact, I would not like to be without it.

You, in your business, will find it more useful than even I do. Carry this No. 26 Waterman's Pencil about with you for a couple of days, and you will be surprised at the number of times you want to use it. And if you find it useful so will other people, too. There's scarcely a customer who enters your shop who couldn't find a use for the No. 26 Waterman's Pencil. Show it to them and let them decide. Don't regard it just as a pencil for the few.

Every man jack of us wants a heavy marking pencil or a crayon some time or another, and most of us require such a pencil frequently. In a No. 26 you have the ideal pencil for the purpose, for it is always ready for use, it never requires sharpening, and it is clean. It is a pencil you can carry clipped to your pocket. It is produced in the black vulcanite we know so well, plain and chased, and in appearance is more or less just like the other pencils, only of course stouter. You won't make a mistake if you stock this No. 26 Waterman's Pencil so long as you show it in your window, and display it on your counters.



## Can You Match This ?

**A** YOUNG WOMAN, unquestionably a business woman, stepped up to the pen counter in a department store in an eastern city.

"I have trouble," she said, "getting a pen that exactly suits me. Will you let me try some nibs? I want a point that will make small figures without filling in the o's, g's and loops."

The young lady clerk had a No. 52 Waterman's pen with an accountant's point. "Try this pen," she said.

"No," said the customer; "I don't want a fountain pen; I want a steel nib."

"Have you ever used a fountain pen?" asked the clerk.

"No," replied the customer, "and I don't propose to."

The clerk thought an instant. "Well, do you object to just trying this pen point? It will guide me in selecting a steel pen that will suit you."

"If it will facilitate that," said the customer, "I'll try it," and did. "Just what I want; if you can match that nib in a steel pen I'll take a box."

The clerk found a steel nib of about the same fineness and then said "You feel sure you wouldn't use a fountain pen?"

"Sure," said the customer. "I'm prejudiced against fountain pens."

"You're a successful business woman," said the clerk. "I want to take the liberty of asking you to do me a favor."

"I'll be glad to if I can," said the customer. "What is it?"

"I want you to take this fountain pen," said the clerk, "and try it in your office; keep it as long as you like. If you find that you prefer it to a steel pen come in and pay me for it; if you don't like it you may return it."

"You mean you won't charge it to me?" asked the customer.

"No," said the clerk; "I don't want to charge it to you. I don't even want to know who you are. I don't even want your signature on a slip. Put the pen in your bag, take it home, try it; if you like it keep it and pay me when you get ready."

"You're a pretty good sport," said the

# The Pen Prophet

customer. "I'll take the pen and give you my name and address. That's the kind of sport I am."

"I'd prefer not to have your name and address," said the clerk. "As a favor to me you can tell me who you are later."

"All right," said the customer, who put the pen in her bag and departed.

\* \* \* \*

"I broke all the rules just now," said the clerk to the department manager, "but I had a hunch I wanted to follow up. Just charge me with an 01852." Then she told the story.

"I'll be interested to see how it works out," said the manager, "If she doesn't return you'll have to pay for the pen, but perhaps she'll come back."

A week later the customer came into the store. "How much was that pen you loaned me?" she asked the clerk.

The clerk told her.

The customer handed over the money and said, "That's the best buy I ever made. Now I want to see a pen for correspondence."

[New York "Pen Prophet."]

## Ministers to Minister's Comfort.

From the Rev. J. Henry Martin, of Huddersfield Mission.

Last year I got a Waterman's Pen. In all my work as Secretary of the Conference Arrangements at Lincoln it proved a willing ready instrument for an unlimited amount of work. From that time to this it has been in constant use under most varied conditions, and it remains as perfect a writing instrument as on the day I got it. In train or tram, in the street or in my study it works admirably and easily, and its balance eliminates all sense of strain.

I feel this word of appreciation is due to you.

## Most certainly we do!

On looking through the "Wide World Magazine" I saw your advertisement of Waterman's Fountain Pen. I feel like writing to you and giving you my version and opinion of the famous Waterman Fountain Pen. I went to Canada in the year 1912 and on arrival at Montreal I had a look around the city. I bought a Waterman's Fountain Pen which cost me 15/- in English money. I wish to say that I am still using that pen and every day since it was bought. It hasn't cost me one halfpenny since, only of course ink. I have always recommended the Waterman's wherever possible. You may use this testimonial for what purpose you like. All I want to say is the Waterman's is absolutely the best pen on the market. I sincerely hope that you will appreciate these few lines.

A. M. WATKINS.



The Waterman Stand at the Leipzig Fair, 1926.



## Achievement—Not Prophecy.

**T**HE letters which we are constantly reproducing from people who have had Waterman's in use for many years should be closely studied by every Stationer. They offer convincing evidence of Waterman efficiency. Users not only feel that an acknowledgment is due from them, but they show their gratitude in the most practical way—by recommending Waterman's to their friends and acquaintances, thus building up valuable goodwill for all concerned.

Achievement is better than prophecy. Note what these users say of Waterman's.

*47,000,000 words in 21 years with a Waterman's  
—and not a penny for repairs—*

Would you kindly overhaul the enclosed pen, which is "kicking" a wee bit.

Nearly 21 years ago it was brought from America, by my brother, and given to me as a present.

I am employed by one of the principal provincial newspapers, in their telegraph department, and for nearly the whole of that time—19 years to be correct—I have constantly used the pen, never using a pencil for my work. At a modest computation, I have written 47,000,000 (forty-seven million) words with the pen during that period, and it has never cost me *one penny* in repairs.

The gold band that was on the barrel near the "nib" wore away to the last particle, with constant friction. The "nib" has had all sorts of accidents, being twisted into all kinds of shapes, but with a little persuasion has always "come up smiling again."

I consider this a wonderful record, and there is "life in the old pen yet."  
S. REDPATH.

*This, too, attains its majority without mishap.*

As a slight tribute to the excellence and durability of your pens, I may state that the fountain pen, with which I am now writing, has been in my possession since 1905, throughout which time nothing untoward has happened to it, although it has stood me in good stead through my Varsity career and from 1914-1923 was always in constant use during activities in my capacity as Captain R.A.P.C., and Captain A.E.C. No part of the pen has ever been renewed. I think that this proves conclusively that your pens are what they claim to be—very efficient, durable and incomparable.

Incidentally, I purchased 2 Waterman's for my children in 1924 and both are working admirably.

ARTHUR A. GAYNE, M.A. (Cantab.)  
Captain A.E.C. (Reserve.)

*27 years, same nib. What other pen would stand this?*

I am writing you this note with a Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen which I have been using daily since 1899—now just on 27 years! The nib has never been changed and writes as well now as it did 27 years ago. Knowing as you do what a busy man I am and under what circumstances I have occasionally to use the pen is a sufficient warranty that during the long period I have used this nib it has stood the test well under probably the most varied circumstances. I have at times had to write on the bonnet and mudguard of a motor car and even (when assessing wheat losses by hail) on a plough share on the farm. Writing on the top of a fence post or the top of a petrol case has been common practice.

After such good service I think it only right to let you know what splendid service the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen has given me.

E. J. BEARD,  
Accountant & Fire Loss Assessor.

*A warning to Amateur Gardeners.  
Has your pen got a Clip-Cap?*

I have two Waterman pens, one of which you will be perhaps interested to know has had a rather romantic history. It was bought in 1911. Two years after I lost it by digging in my garden. I made a thorough search for it but all in vain. I dug the garden every year for four successive years, and was doing so on the fifth, when to my astonishment the spade threw up the pen, none the worse for its long burial save for a slight discolouration. Even the ink in it was not exhausted, for on taking off the cap it wrote as well as ever.

(Rev.) W. HARRIS.

*Another plea for the Clip-Cap.*

I am writing to inform you that an Ideal Fountain Pen which I bought with you about five years ago for 17/6, and numbered 52 was lost whilst digging in my garden in October, 1925, being dug into the ground.

On the 10th of this month of April, 1926, I was digging again and found the pen. It was found about four inches below the surface, which had been covered with snow, ice and rain during the winter, and on refilling again with fresh ink it works quite as well as ever.

The plating is hardly marked. Should you desire to see the pen, I can send it on to you.

D. ERNEST DAVIES.

*Even a carbide bath didn't upset its dignity.*

I have just read with interest your book of advertisement specimens (in Mr. Bavis' Shop) and would like to give you a word re Waterman's Ideal Pen.

The one I am writing this with was presented me when leaving Exeter in September, 1920, and this has been a real friend. With the exception of times when it has been mislaid I have used no other—on one occasion I lost it for two days, it having fallen out of my pocket into a lb. of hot carbide while emptying a generator, and I could not find it until as a last resort I went and there it was baked and white. I took it out and washed it and rubbed it with olive oil and my Waterman's had a real resurrection.

Later on while gardening, it got buried for another three days, but luckily I found it when putting in the plants for which I had been preparing the ground. During this time it had rained heavily that my pen had a good soaking.

With the exception of losing the Cap it is the same pen that was given me all those years ago.

Last week I dropped it and accidentally trod on the nib holder and split it, but having a broken cap I ground that down and fixed it over the crack and my old friend writes still and the leak is stopped even though I thought it ruined. So you see it has been through fire and water and resisted both.

I thought this story of my pen would interest you. I always recommend "Waterman's."

(Rev.) Ed. TULLY

[Continued on preceding page.]



A New Enamel Plate.

SELECTION  
**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**  
SERVICE

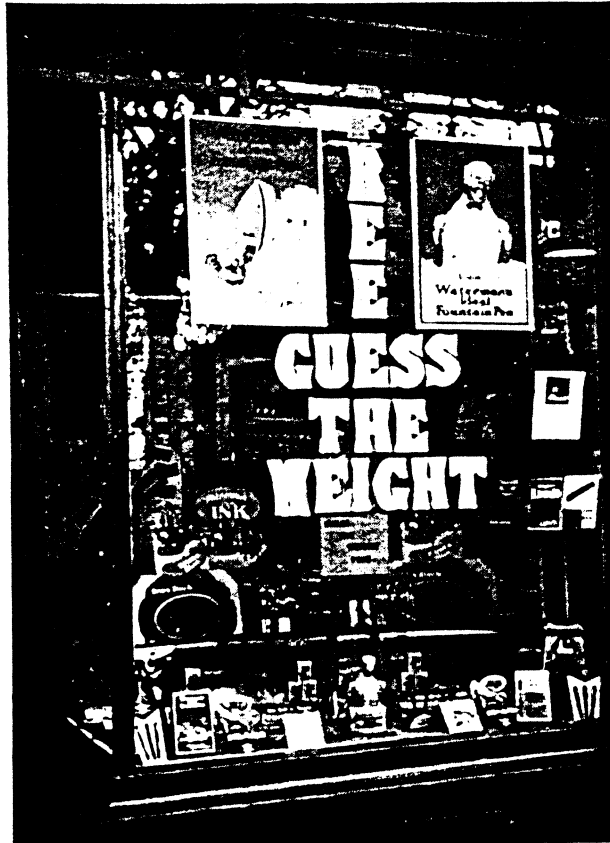
We have pleasure in informing Stationers that we can now supply them with a new Enamel Plate which can be fixed easily either inside or outside the shop. The background is blue with white letters; the size is 30" x 7 1/2". There is good reason for making use of this plate. It is to your interest that the public should recognise you as a considerable dealer in Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens. This plate indicates that fact. Why not have one fixed either on your door, or in any other suitable position? Applications should be made to our Advertising Department.

New Zealand Guesses the Weight.



Messrs. Simpson & Williams, Christchurch.

## Swansea Guesses the Weight



### A Successful "Stunt."

THE "Guessing the Weight" Competition still proves to be a winner. Wherever it is tried it meets with great success. Messrs. Heslop, of Morrision, Swansea, featured it a month or two back, and over 1,100 entries were received.

After the competition there was a window display of Waterman Pens, the feature of which was a large platform scale in the centre, with the exact weight of the pen showing, and this attracted a great deal of attention, large crowds gathering round all during the day.

Our friends write us that the scheme has been a huge advertising success, and they also mention the interesting fact that some of the teachers in local schools ran the Weight Competition in their separate classes.

We congratulate Messrs. W. & J. W. Heslop on the result, and we trust that it will mean for them an ever increasing business for Waterman's Pens.

## Making the most of Advertising Space.

*See Illustrations Overleaf.*

THE average local paper cannot afford to offer its advertisers a range of modern types, as used by the big London dailies and large printing houses. A single new fount would cost anything from £20 to £30. For that reason many newspapers still continue to use the same founts of type that were in vogue twenty years ago, merely replacing worn out "sorts" from time to time with more of the same face.

To overcome this local disadvantage, a number of enterprising stationers make very good use of the Waterman electros. By illustrating their advertisements with these electros they find that they can attract far more attention than is possible with irregular and uninteresting type displays. A four or six inch double-column advertisement, suitably illustrated and laid out, will often stand out above all other advertisements on the same page, even though some of the others occupy double the space.

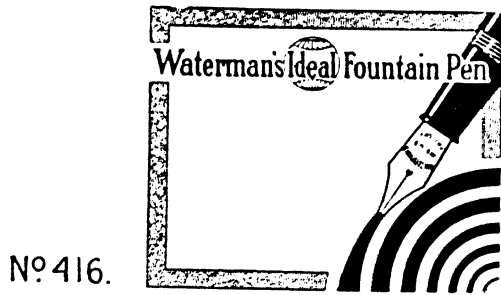
On the pages following, a few recent Waterman designs are reproduced, of course greatly reduced in size. In one of them you will notice a wedding scene depicted. There are weddings every week in your district. Weeks before these eventful occasions take place quite a lot of people are undecided as to the nature of the gift for bride or bridegroom. This advertisement will serve to remind many of them that a Waterman's Pen or Combination Writing Set is really one of the most acceptable of gifts.

Then there are birthdays. It's somebody's birthday everyday. Again what better life-time gift than Waterman's?

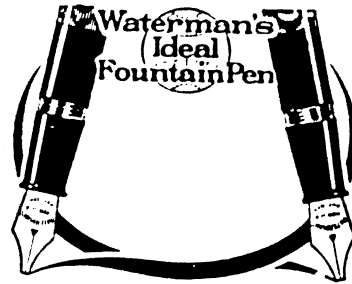
Holidays too. Waterman's Ideal enables people to write out of doors instead of sitting in stuffy boarding houses. Sell Waterman's Ideal to holiday makers.

In making application for electros will you please state exact depth and width of space available as it may be necessary in some cases to adapt the blocks to fit the desired space.

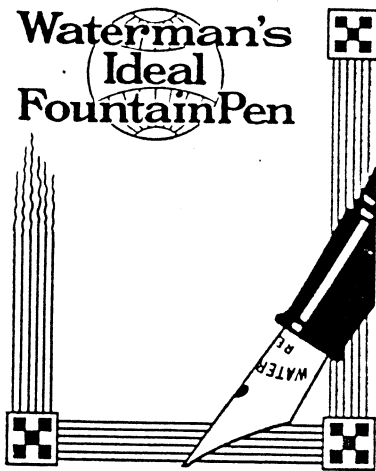
*The Pen Prophet*



No. 416.



No. 417.



No. 418.



No. 419.

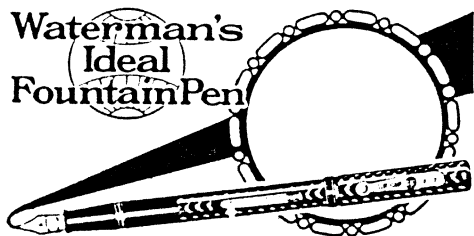


No. 420.



No. 421.

*For* Somebody's Wedding or Birthday—



No. 422.



No. 423.

# The Pen Prophet

For Your Local Advertising.

## Waterman's Safety

### Pen for Ladies



cannot leak however carried  
Ideal too for Sportsmen & Travellers

You can carry Waterman's SAFETY Pen upside down or in any position in pocket, handbag or trunk without the slightest fear of leakage. When closed, the pen is hermetically sealed.

Ladies, Travellers, Sportsmen, all who want the perfect Fountain Pen for out-door use should ask for Waterman's SAFETY TYPE.

## Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

OVER 40 YEARS' PROVED SERVICE

SAFETY TYPE	Three Trips	Regular	Four from 12.6	Safety	Try from 17.6
No. 42	17.6	No. 41	17.6	No. 43	17.6
No. 42 (Standard)	17.6	No. 42 (Clip)	17.6	No. 44	17.6
No. 43	17.6	No. 45	17.6	No. 46	17.6
No. 44	17.6	No. 47	17.6	No. 48	17.6
No. 45	17.6	No. 49	17.6	No. 50	17.6

See also WATERMAN'S PENCIL (Quad Point)—the LIGHTEST & STRONGEST Pencil made.  
Of Stationers and Jewellers. — The PEN BOOK — free from L. G. SLOAN Ltd., The Pen Corner Kingsway, London, W.C.2

**Going away? don't forget Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**  
makes Holiday writing a pleasure.

FROM 12/6 UPWARDS of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.  
L. G. SLOAN Ltd The Pen Corner Kingsway London, W.C.2

**Don't forget your Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

OF STATIONERS & JEWELLERS  
12/6 & upwards  
Write for a copy of 'The Pen Book'  
L. G. SLOAN Ltd The Pen Corner Kingsway London W.C.2

**Write more holiday letters with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

40 Years Proved Service

The Pen Book free from L. G. SLOAN Ltd The Pen Corner Kingsway London W.C.2

**Write more holiday letters with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

40 Years Proved Service

The Pen Book free from L. G. SLOAN Ltd The Pen Corner Kingsway London W.C.2

## Waterman's for holiday-makers

People have money for holidays and as a rule they spend it with a lavish hand. Waterman's enables them to do all their holiday writing out of doors under ideal conditions and so makes for greater enjoyment.

Illustrations as above, greatly reduced in size, show examples of Waterman advertising, all of which directs the public to you, the Stationer, for supplies. Link up with this national campaign by showing the Pens and special display matter in your windows. Electros are also available for use in your own local advertisements if desired.

## The Football Final.

**T**HOUGH Cricket holds the field to-day, and this is the Summer Number of the *Pen Prophet*, yet, for the purposes of record, we feel we must include this picture of a football signed by the members of the team which won the Cup in April, 1926. Each signature was made with the individual's own Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

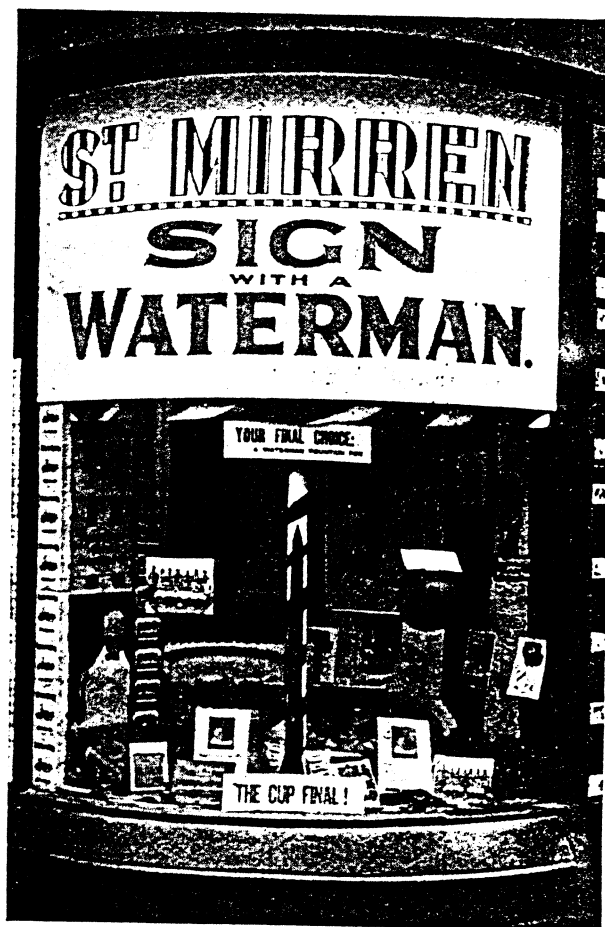


The Monday after the "Final" this autographed football was exhibited in the window of Mr. J. Read's well-known stationery establishment in Bolton. It was kept in the window quite a time and attracted a great deal of attention. While we hope this enterprise on the part of Mr. Read will have a lasting effect on his business in Waterman's Ideals, we are confident that it must also have stimulated general business at his establishment.



## The Scottish Cup Final.

A Paisley Stationer's enterprise.



Football signed by both teams, each player using his own Waterman's Ideal Pen.

ON the opposite page we show a football signed by the team that won the English Cup; now we have the privilege of reproducing two photographs concerning the Scottish Cup, one showing a window display of an autographed football together with a splendid show of Waterman's Pens, ink and advertising matter; and the other showing a crowd around the window.

The football had been autographed by the St. Mirren and Celtic teams. Naturally it excited the liveliest interest, and we are informed that a crowd like the one shown

in the photograph continued during the whole of the week that the football was exhibited. Messrs. John Ballantyne & Sons, whose window it is, are to be congratulated most heartily on their enterprise.

Everyone who looked in that window saw the slogan, "Sign with a Waterman." Not one would go home without having that word "Waterman" stamped on his mind, and when he remembered "Waterman," he would remember "Ballantyne"—the shop where he would be bound to get the pen of his choice, exactly to his liking.

# The Pen Prophet

New 7-foot long Showcard.



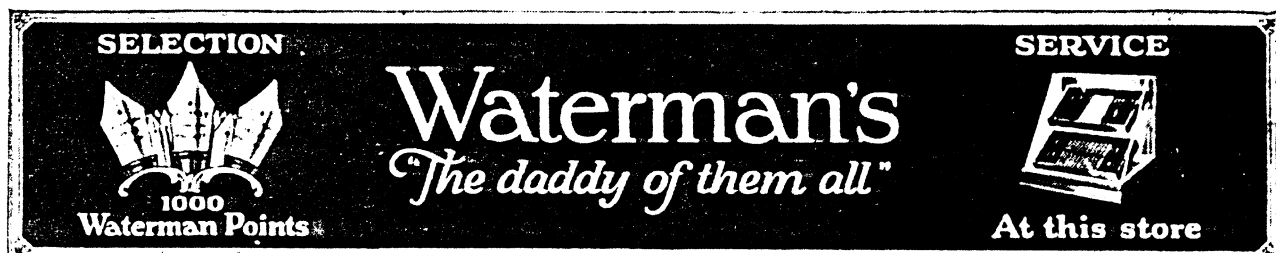
A Black and Gold Colour Scheme.

This New Showcard is beyond all question the finest we have ever issued. It is a window display in itself. You see here but a poor representation of it. You get the form, but not the glory of the colour scheme. Without that wonderful black and gold effect, the Showcard is shorn of a good deal of its magnificence.

It is in three sections, measuring in all 7 feet. The side wings can be straight out, or can be placed at an angle to suit any window.

Any stationer carrying good supplies of Waterman's Pens who would like this new Showcard should write at once to our Advertising Department, asking for it by its number, which is No. 254.

With the above Showcard is a Window Strip carried out in the same colour scheme, and this can be used either at the same time or independently. Its number is 254c.



No. 254c. Window Strip, 59 in. x 8 in.

## The Sloan Social Club Annual Outing.

**T**HERE are two functions in connection with the Sloan Social Club which are looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure, not only by the members of the Club but by those of their friends who are privileged to join them on these occasions. One is the Christmas Party which, as you know, is always a very happy gathering; the other is the Annual Summer Outing.

Last year we had a River Trip, and it was such a success that it was decided to repeat the experiment again this year, although choosing another place. So on June 12th, a party consisting of about 150 members and their friends proceeded from London to Hampton Court by train, and then embarked on the Steam Launch "Royalty." At first the weather was rather unkind—there were some very heavy showers during the morning—but soon after lunch there was a decided turn for the better and the rest of the day was beautifully fine.

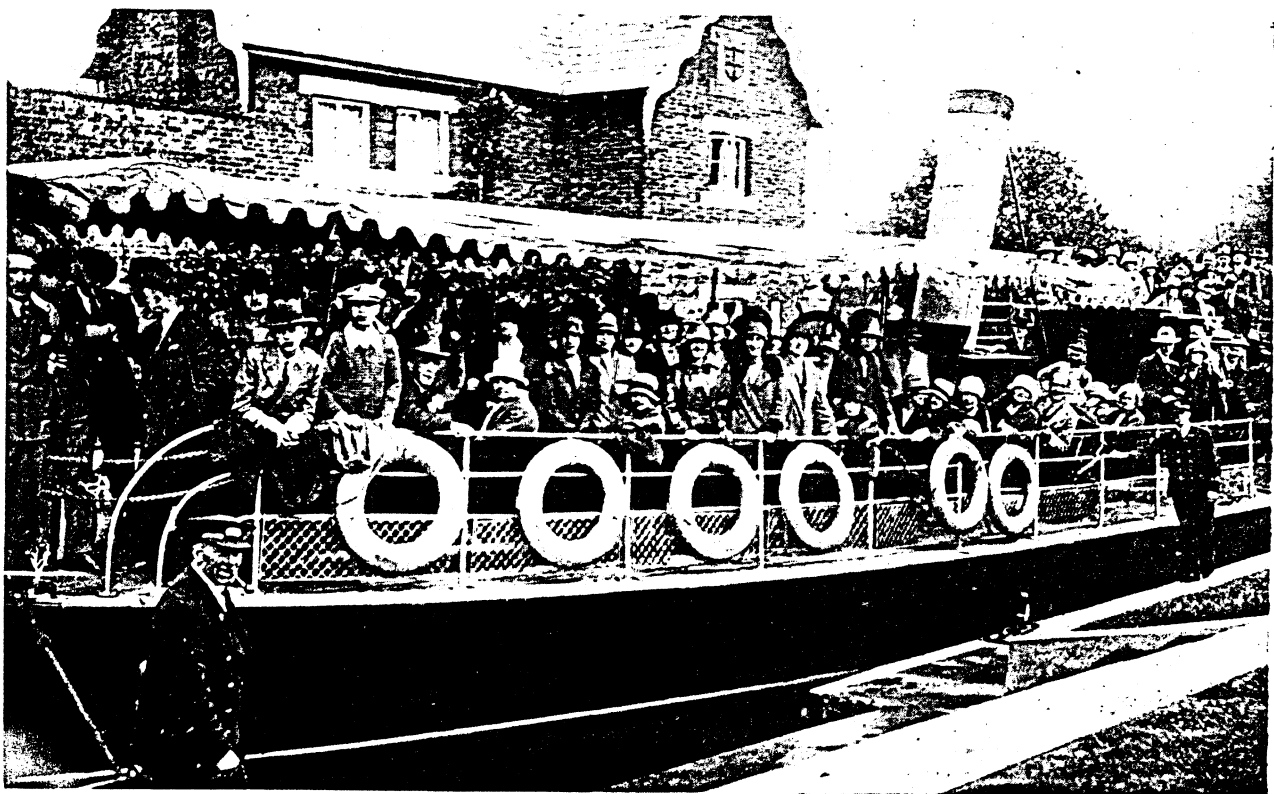
The venue was Belle Weir, which is some six or so miles from Windsor. As we only stayed there for about one hour and a half, it will be seen that the feature of the outing was the journey to and fro, and, as there

are few things more enjoyable than a trip on the river on a fine sunny day, no one worried that there was not more time to spend at Belle Weir.

We had our meals—lunch and tea—on board, and during lunch we had one or two speeches—brief and to the point. There was a band on board to provide us with music during the day, and we were also favoured with several songs from talented members of the party.

As usual, our President, Mr. Sloan, was with us but we very much regret that on this occasion Mrs. Sloan was not able to be present. It was also a great pleasure that our travellers, who had been attending the Stationers' Conference at Birmingham, were able to attend this Annual Outing. Judging by the way they enjoyed themselves we believe they will find some excuse next year for being in London about the time of our Annual Outing.

There is no need for me further to describe the day. It was a jolly time for everyone. There we were, a happy band of fellow workers, each determined to have a good time, and to see that his friends had a good time. And all succeeded.



At Sunbury Lock.

# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen that lasts a lifetime



OVER  
**40 YEARS'**  
PROVED SERVICE  
1885.....1926